WHILE I STILL REMEMBER

THE STORIES OF FR. GEORGE HALE
as told to
and illustrated by
Betty A. Bowman

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George R. S. Hale

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The Chapel Hill Press

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

These stories are dedicated
to my family, living and dead,
for the happy and joyous life
they have made and
continue to make for me.

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by
Fr. George B.S. Hale

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INTRODUCTION

These stories of George Blodgett Stuart Hale are intended as a lighthearted look at his remembrances which, for the most part, have as their setting the Episcopal Church. Fr. Hale, a third generation priest, was Rector of St. Timothy's Church in Raleigh, North Carolina, for thirty-six years before his retirement in 1992. He is also the founder of St. Timothy's School and Hale High School, where he was headmaster through these years. My association with him has been as a parishioner and historian of the church and lately as a co-worker in this endeavor.

Initially these stories were intended to be memorial annotations for St. Timothy's, but as the interviews with Fr. Hale continued, stories poured forth and a few early tales of Charles Stuart Hale, his father, who came to the Southern Appalachians as a missionary for the Episcopal church, were recorded. These stories led us through the mountains from Etowah, Tennessee, to Bristol, Virginia-Tennessee, to Ashland and Lexington, Kentucky, to Memphis, Tennessee, and further, and thus our scope happily expanded to this collection.

My task has been to transcribe the stories from the tapes and to organize them in a chronological format. There has been very little editing, for I have tried to keep the style conversational, often at the expense of accepted form. I hope you can hear the story teller that I heard in our recording sessions.

As for the drawings . . . I must claim them, but in my defense, I did ask friends who have drawing skills to help, BUT NO! they just couldn't do it. So this is my first attempt at illustration. It's been fun; it's been hard. And once again I heard myself saying, "Well, here's another thing you don't know how to do. Get started."

Betty A. Bowman (BAB)

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ASHLAND, KENTUCKY
CALVARY CHURCH

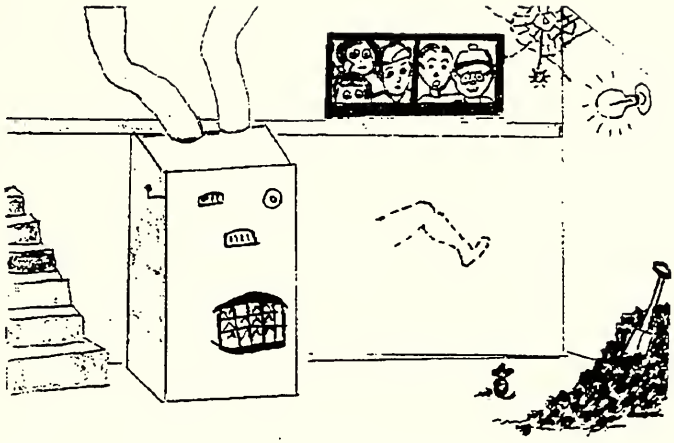
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY
CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL

The Early Years

I recall some things that happened when I was just a child. That way of life is gone. There were things you don't see anymore; for example, ice and tar wagons. We had lots of fun following both wagons. It was in the summertime, and we were boys of seven or eight. Old Joe would come around with the wagon, and he always allowed us to have the shavings. It is hard to believe, but we actually ate tar in those days. We followed the tar wagon as it went down the street pulled by horses. The men had buckets of tar and would pour tar into the pot-holes, and we would take the tar up and chew it. It wasn't hot, just warm.

In those days one of the tricks was to paint your finger with mercurochrome, cut a hole in a match box, insert the painted finger through the hole and show your school mates the severed finger in the box.

The Brothers



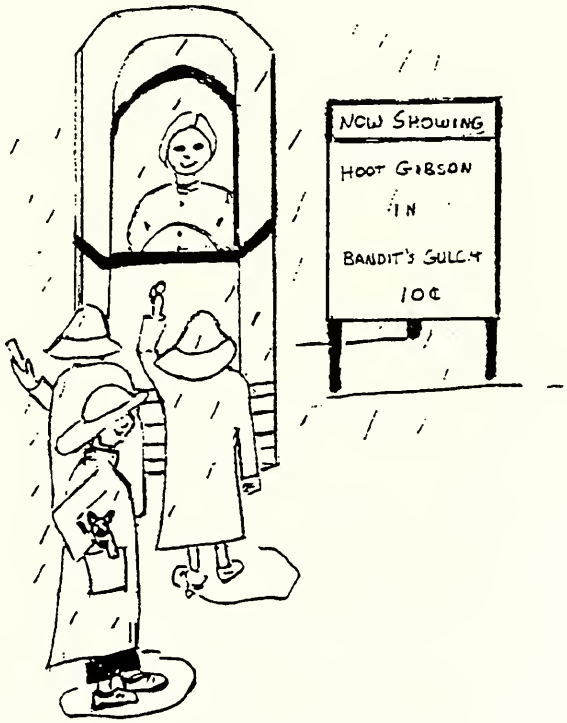
I had two brothers and a sister, but most of the mischief was with the three boys. My sister never got involved in any of it. The three boys were all in the same elementary school. One time we decided to tell the entire school that there was a man buried in the basement of the school, and you could see a piece of his leg sticking out of the wall. Edward was in the 2nd grade, I was in the 4th grade, and Charles was in the 6th. We had a good way to spread gossip, and we began telling the story. It got to the point where children were afraid to come to school, and the principal had to call an assembly to tell the students there was no body in the basement, and he would take groups down to inspect the place. Charles and I always went down knowing that there was no body there and enjoying the fun.

We didn't take lunches to school because we went home at noon. But every now and then we would stay at school at lunch and we would take bananas from innocent children. The three of us would sit by a child who

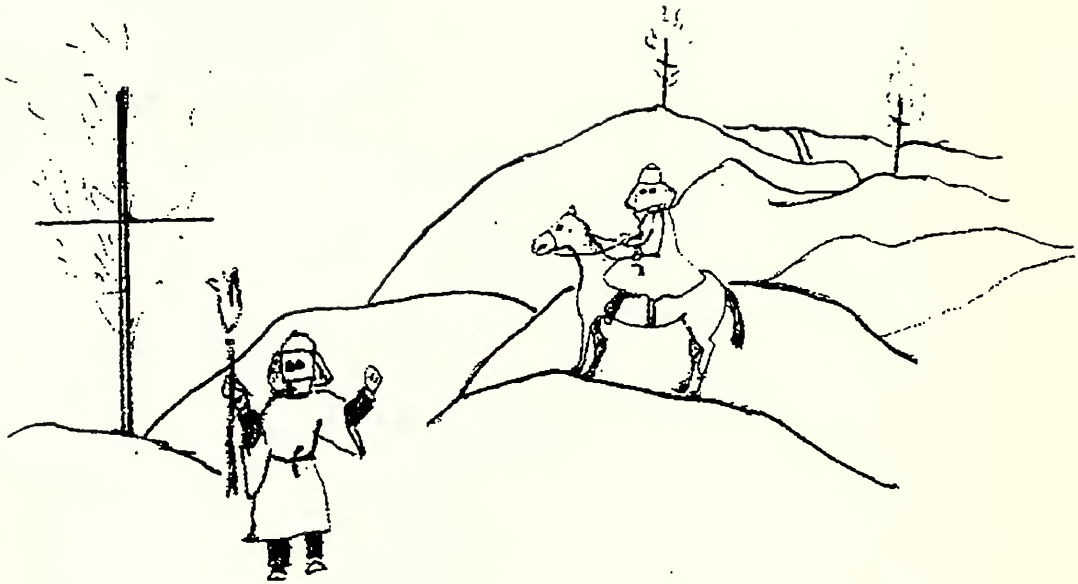
was eating a banana, and just before he could take the banana out to eat, Charles would say to me, "That banana has strings on it, and banana strings are poison." Of course all bananas have strings but the little child would open his banana. Ed would say, "Look at the strings!" and I'd make some comment about it, and then the child would put his banana down and we'd eat it.

The school had a penny lunch. For a penny you could buy food. For five cents you could buy a sandwich and for a penny you could buy chips. The lunchroom was on the third floor and this floor had a fire escape encased in a metal tube. You could jump in this tube and go swirling down the fire escape to the ground. The Hale boys decided that they would take a stick and jam the door at the bottom of the tube and anyone sliding down had to slide a penny under the door to get out. One time we couldn't get the stick out in time and thirteen or fourteen children stacked up in the fire escape tube, and that was the end of that.

We had a little dog --- little Storm. He was very small, so small we could put him in a raincoat pocket. The trick was, with the three of us, to go to the picture show (in those days you could go to the picture show for ten cents), and we would take a seat way at the front of the picture show and get Storm to bark. The usher would come running down and try to find this dog that should be a couple of feet high and, of course, Storm was in a raincoat pocket. He never could find him and we thought that was the greatest thing to do.



The Klan

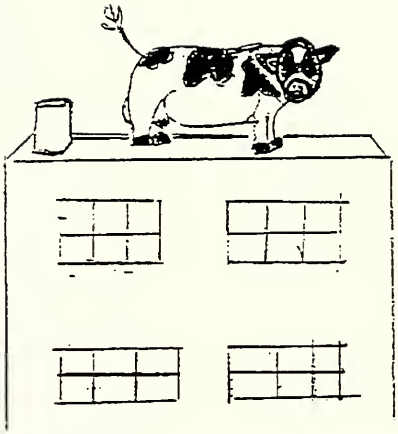


While we lived in Ashland, Kentucky, one of our experiences was seeing the Klan up behind our house. Most people have seen the Klan walking around in their robes and stuff, but this was terrifying because these Klansmen were all in their white robes and were on horses. They had taken white rags and wrapped them around the horses feet so you couldn't hear them. They would ride down town in Ashland and there was no noise. The Klan was organized politically. I think this is correct that they ran a man for governor of Indiana and he was elected. He got into some kind of problem and left. Our house in Ashland was up on a hill overlooking a park in the main part of town. Most any night in the summertime we could sit on the porch and see crosses burning. It was just a common sight to see them. My father preached against the Klan and they burned his church.

In Ashland up in the mountains of Kentucky in the dead of winter they brought a railroad flat car into the station, and on it was a whale. Now we had never, of course, seen a whale. We had never been out of the mountains to the ocean. I didn't see the ocean until I graduated from high school. But there was this huge whale, and they had covered it in ice, now not encased in ice, just ice sprinkled over it. This is the dead of winter, and they charged a dime for you to go down to the station and see the whale. So, of course, we all did, and you were allowed to touch it . . . pay your dime and touch it.

Kentuckians have a different way of doing things. In Kentucky you don't cut a ham in round slices. You slice a large piece across the ham. Also they have a different way of pronouncing things. For example, my sister went to school under an order of Episcopal nuns. I can't remember here in my old age whether those nuns were in Paris or Versailles, Kentucky. It was the Order of St. Helena, and I think they were in what you and I would say "Versailles." But they called the palace of Louis XIV "VerSAILs." And if you want to know if a fellow is from Kentucky, ask him how to say the name of the Palace of Louis XIV, and if he doesn't say VerSAILs, he's not from Kentucky.

Halloween



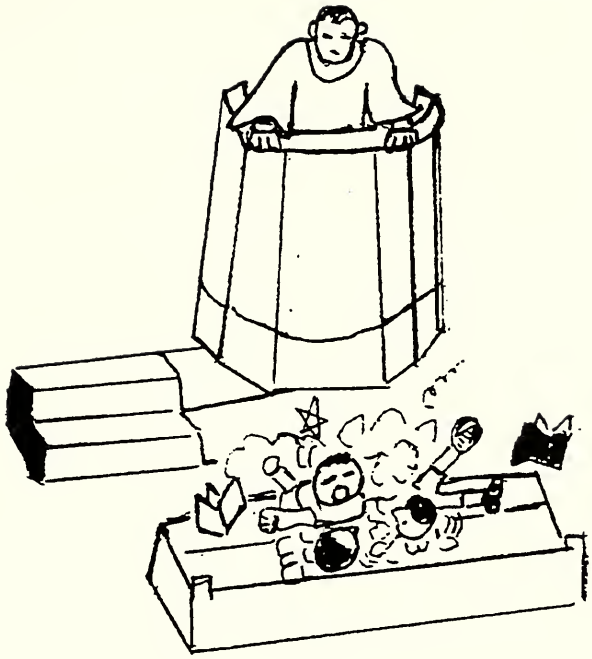
Anyway, I remember one Halloween, we were young and small and in a group of older boys and didn't have much to do with it, but we got a cow up on the top of the school house and left the poor beast up there. They had to do a lot of work to get it down. We didn't go around and collect candy at Halloween; we soaped windows. We would also take candles and draw on windows. Never do that to an automobile. The favorite thing was to take some mechanism with a string, thread spool, and a nail and put in on a window. It made a dreadful noise.

Years later in Memphis there was the Idlewild Church with a church tower about eight or ten stories. We would break into that church and climb up the tower at night. This was insane for the tower steps just had a little rail and if you slipped, you were gone. Anyway, we would go up to the top with torpedoes (it was pitch dark) and look down on the lighted street below and throw those torpedoes right behind people and scare the life out of them. They'd look around and wonder what had happened. It was really dangerous. We could have injured them, but we were just boys and that was part of growing up.

At that age, I was about thirteen, another thing we enjoyed doing was to take the wires people put around their boxwoods and lawn furniture. We would go to the houses and take all their lawn furniture and all their wires. In those days telephone poles had spikes on the side and you could climb them; so we'd take a lawn chair and climb up the telephone pole and leave it up there and that was Halloween. The next day we'd go to the same house and say, "Oh somebody put your furniture up the pole. Would you like for us to get it down? We'd be glad to do it for a little money." And we'd make a little cash on the foolishness we had done the day before.

The Cathedral

At the Cathedral --- Christ Church Cathedral in Lexington, Kentucky --- Dad was the Dean, and Ed and I were his acolytes. It was during the Great Depression and in those days it was very rare to give paper money, and the collection didn't have envelopes. The offering was mainly coins, and a generous coin would be a fifty cent piece. Well, we had these silver offering plates and Ed and I had received the offering from the ushers. Ed was to take the plates from the ushers, and I in turn was to hand them to my father at the altar. When Ed turned and handed them to me, he either let loose of them too quickly, or I didn't take them quickly enough. But anyway they dropped, hit the marble floor, silver was banging and clanging on the floor and all the coins were making this terrific noise. Ed and I looked up at our father and said, "What do we do?" And he said, "PICK IT UP!" We were so embarrassed. The congregation was giggling and snickering and we were scrambling around picking up these coins. It took an eternity.



The worst thing we did to him was in Lexington. Each family had a pew and you went in and closed the door. It had a lock on it and that was it. The rector's family pew was right under the pulpit and Dad was preaching. He knew he had lost his congregation; he didn't have their attention at all. He looked down and Charles, Ed and I were having a fight and throwing prayer books and just raising cain-hell right there in church, and he stopped his sermon, walked down and called us one by one out of the pew, spanked us and put us on the steps of the chancel, and we had to sit there during the rest of the service. We didn't give him any trouble after that.

In Lexington there were two churches, Christ Church Cathedral and the Church of the Good Shepherd. My father, as we have said, was Dean of the Cathedral, and when a new bishop came, he no longer held this position. And a very extraordinary situation occurred . . . I don't know of it ever happening for a priest to leave one church and go to another in the same city. You just didn't do it, but he did. He went out to the Church of the Good Shepherd. Well, the Church of the Good Shepherd was paid for primarily by very wealthy folks. It seemed that years ago Kentucky, if you can believe it, almost outlawed horse racing, and this English clergyman, whose name I don't remember, was very, very fond of horse racing. He went across the state defending horse racing. The vote failed in the legislature and this gentleman was given a great deal of credit for saving racing. I think it was Colonel Bradley, a wealthy horseman, who got his friends together and to show their appreciation they built the Church of the Good Shepherd for this Englishman to be the rector. And that was the church my father became rector of after he left the Cathedral. Dad always pointed out to us, "Now, children, look at that stained glass window over the altar. You will see that the sheep that Our Lord is holding looks more like a race horse colt than it does a sheep." And it did. It had real long legs, a long head, and looked like a colt. And that's the story of the Church of the Good Shepherd.

That was the first place I knew to have an air conditioned church. What they did was they would buy tons of ice and put the ice in great tubs and then have a fan to blow over the ice. The air was then sucked into the church. Most of the relief from the heat in those days came from funeral parlor fans that advertised funeral services.

The Kindly Phone Calls

Now a strange thing happened concerning my mother when we lived in Lexington. Near Lexington they had a race track, so they got a gangster element. And one of the family's favorite stories was that the telephone would ring and the caller would ask for Mr. Hale. My father would answer the phone, and the person on the other end of the line would start off saying, "Reverend, I just hate to tell you this, but your wife is down at Jerry's Pool Hall, and I just don't think that's where a minister's wife should be." Then they'd hang up. That went on all the time. It turned out that this woman of the pool hall, a gangster's girl friend, looked exactly like my mother, and that's what all this "I hate to tell you this, Preacher, but . . . or . . . I'm embarrassed to bring this up, but you need to know that your wife is carrying on something awful, drinking and cursing" was about. My father would say, "Well, I appreciate your calling," for he knew she was sitting right there by him.

Ida

While we were in Lexington, we had a fascinating cook. I don't remember her last name, but her name was Ida, and she weighed 200 or 250 pounds in that range. She was just huge. She stuck out so much in the back that we could run up on her and ride around. She had married three times and was a rich woman. She had a lot more money than my mother did, but she liked my mother, and she liked to work, and so she worked for us. She had married three husbands and buried all of them and had gotten all their property. She owned two houses in Lexington and a farm and house outside Lexington. She was just wonderful. She would tell us all these stories --- how a little dog was so small it didn't have any friends except rats, and the dog and the rats would play in the back yard. She was African-American but called herself colored.

There were so many stories about Ida. She was chasing our little dog, for example, while Ed, Charles, Virginia and I were playing up near the house. And we heard Ida scream, turned around and she had disappeared in the back yard. We couldn't see her and we ran into the house and told mother that Ida had disappeared. We couldn't find her. Well, you don't lose a 200 pound woman in the back yard! What happened was that she had chased the little dog on to soft ground that covered an ash pit where they used to put the ashes in an old well, and she had fallen down in the thing. Mother called the wrecker, an automobile wrecker, to come into the yard to drop a hook to get Ida out. There was no other way to get her out. She was in the pit --- way down in there --- so they dropped this hook and she took hold of it and they got her out. When she got out, she thought it was real funny, and she enjoyed it as much as we did after we knew she wasn't hurt. We wouldn't have known the pit was there if her weight hadn't broken the crust and dropped her in.

She used to take us to the picture show and she would take us to what was known as "Black Heaven" which, I guess, was about four floors up. White people and black people didn't sit together. Blacks sat up there in that heaven and that was all right with Ida because she'd take us with her, and we'd go way up to the top balcony and she would always buy us

peanuts, not popcorn, peanuts. And Ida would say, "Now what you do is throw them at those white people down there," and she'd laugh.

She took us to dinner one time. I remember we went out to her farm. She served a beautiful dinner. She wouldn't sit down and eat with us, but she served us. After dinner we went outside, and we got a good stick and walked to the insane asylum. And you could just walk in and here were these poor people behind bars. They were just like caged animals in a zoo. We were there and she said, "This is what you do. Watch!" And she took us to one end of the building and she ran as fast as a 200 pound woman could with a stick up against the bars. It made a hell-of-a noise. So the four of us would line up and go up and down with our sticks. Of course, the inmates would just go berserk, and she thought that was the funniest thing. We, of course, enjoyed it and thought it was funny, too. We didn't want to leave, but she'd say, "It's time to go home," AND HOME WE WENT.

BAB: This story sounds like a nightmare. Do we really want to include it?

Carolyn always hates it when I tell this story, but here we were, children of the church, so to say. We were Dad's acolytes yet we enjoyed this bizarre entertainment. Ida knew we would. She'd been around us long enough to know our natures. To say we were innocent is wrong. We were unrestrained children who did not have the living experience to make a judgment in this situation. We joined in willingly . . . right or wrong, humane or malicious. It was part of growing up. The story might have a better ending had we been shown the error of our ways, but Dad didn't know.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

GRACE - ST. LUKE'S CHURCH

HIGH SCHOOL

FRATS

Memphis in my high school days was great on fraternities and sororities. I joined a fraternity when I was in the ninth grade. My brother Edward joined when he was in the sixth grade. I don't know how he managed that but there he was at the meetings in his little short pants. How it all pulled together I don't know, but I do know we thought the upper classmen were next to God and this was a public high school. The seniors took the main entrance to the school and lower classmen had to use the side door. You didn't dare go into the front door of Central High School. I called all the twelfth grade people "sir."

This was Central High School in 1938 to 1941. Maybe '35 would be a better date. Then there was Messic, Catholic High, and Tech. In my group we knew only one person who went to Tech, and that was Nelson Freeburg. He wanted a technical education, but everybody else went to Central. Now members of the football team and other athletes didn't wear a "C" on their sweaters. They wore an "H" for High school. We thought it was the ONLY high school. Now the other high schools would wear the letter for their school, but at Central we wore an "H". What these other people wore didn't matter.

I don't know if I told you about Bobby Andrews who was being initiated into our high school fraternity. Well, we had an initiation for all the new members of Sigma Delta Phi, and Bobby Andrews was to be initiated. Bob Andrews' dad was one of the commissioners with Mr. Crump. Mr. Crump was a very important person in Memphis. There was a song that went around: The river's up. Cotton's down. But Mr. Crump still runs this town. So we initiated Bobby. What we did, we went out to an old grave yard where people were buried in wooden boxes and in shallow graves. And we went in and found four or five tombstones, and we wrote the names down and when that person died . . . like Bob Jones 1880-1900. We wrote down several of those, and then at midnight we gave Bobby a box of matches, told him to take this pencil and paper, and find these names. Then he was to write Jones and when he died on the paper to prove that he had actually found that grave. Well, Bob went in and we all stood outside the grave yard around the fence, and we saw these matches being struck. We could follow his path and we remembered where the graves were. And we were standing there watching, and all of a sudden we heard the most god-awful scream you've ever heard. Bob just screamed at the top of his voice. It was a frightening scream. Well, we all had flashlights, of course, and we ran in and found him. And there he was. What had happened was his foot had gone through one of the old wooden coffins and he was stuck there. And he thought someone was pulling him into the grave. So we decided he'd been initiated enough and sent him home.

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It is really strange when you look back at the so-called society section of the newspapers. The adults didn't do very much, but there would be column after column of high school fraternity and sorority activities. A little money went a long way. We had great bands of America like Kay Kiser,

Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey . . . BIG bands. They would come through Memphis on their way to Florida and we would get them for one night stands. They were happy to play because this would pay for their hotel on their way to Miami. So we would raise a total of say about fifteen hundred dollars and would put on a dance with ten fraternities and six or eight sororities . . . HIGH SCHOOL! We had these dances at the Hotel Peabody in their great ballroom or on their roof garden --- mostly in the ballroom. The famous ducks were there. We watched them get on the elevator and go up to the roof garden.

For you and your date, the evening began with dinner from eight to ten, and then you went to the dance from ten until two. Then you went to a swim party, and then you went to breakfast, and then you went home. And this would go on every night through the Christmas holidays except Christmas Eve. It must have been a great time for girls for you would have about three hundred boys around the wall of the ballroom and at most a hundred and some girls. So you had about three times you could dance with your partner. You'd have the lead-out dance with the girl you brought, and just before intermission you danced with your partner and again at the last dance. In the mean time all the stags --- the stag line was tremendous --- would just tap a boy on the shoulder and then in the next few minutes another would break in. The same girls were going to all the dances. The boys got to rest, but how the girls stood up night after night, I don't know.

Bible Class

There was the Ovid Scott Bible Class. Ovid Scott was a high school boy who was killed in an automobile wreck on Sunday afternoon. The fraternities met on Sunday afternoon from two to three o'clock. There were the SDP, the Delta Sigs, TKOs, etc . . . all these fraternities and sororities would meet from five to six o'clock for the Ovid Scott Bible Class. And then the girls would go home and hope that the boys would come to see them. And if you were a girl living out in Hyde Park, you didn't know but maybe 150 boys would come to your house. So we would go to the Ovid Scott Bible Class.

Now the first drive-in food place in America was Fortunes' Ice Cream, and they built a drive-in where you could drive in and get your sandwiches and sodas. This man that ran it was worried about all these boys roaming the streets in their fast cars, so he thought he'd get them off the street by having a Bible class. The Bible class met in my father's church. There would be about 200 boys that would come to Bible class. We would sing all the gospel songs because we could shout . . . it wasn't religious. We would get ice cream from Fortunes and that would entice us to come to the class. Then after Bible class you headed out to a girl's house. In Bible class you'd say, "Let's go see Helen Smith," for example. The boys would all get in their cars and go see Helen Smith. And she was expected to have food and drink for us. Now she didn't know how many were coming, but she wanted to be up there with the group, and she would tell her mother and daddy that, "I might have 150 boys here," and then, as those things go, everybody tried to top everybody else. You always went to certain girls' homes because the food was better. We didn't have to worry about supper on Sunday because we were all being fed by the young ladies. It was incredible --- it really was. This was unique to Memphis, and, as I said, the society section of the paper listed the fraternity parties at the Hotel Peabody with the officers and their dates, and the members who were seen there. AND THIS WAS HIGH SCHOOL. You never saw anything about what the adults were doing until World War II came and then all the young men were drafted, and that was the end of that.

The Ovid Scott Bible Class would give a cook out. Well, you're talking about four or five hundred boys and girls. We would rent a farm and drive into the pastures and build these great fires. We would all sit around these fires and cook hot dogs and roast marshmallows. (And the drinking was terrible!) Anyway you'd take your car to these huge parties. Some would double date, but most of us wanted our own cars. I remember one time a whole mass of us went to Blue Lake, Arkansas, for a party and it was in the spring. It was warm and nice except it was raining. Then the rain stopped, and we had heard as children if there was enough blue in the sky to make a Dutchman's britches, it won't rain anymore. Looking at the sky, we decided the rain was over so we headed to Blue Lake, Arkansas. That was west of Memphis across the river. And the rains came down and cars got mired in the mud. I ran over Henry Jackson. I was stuck and it was my car. I had taken him and his date. He was in the back seat and I said, "Henry, you get out and start pushing." Somehow the gear slipped into first and I ran right over Henry. He went right down in the mud. It didn't hurt him. Well, they tell the story, say in 1900, that a team mule sank in the mud on Main Street. In that part of the world you don't hit red clay for feet and feet down through this very black mud. I ran over Henry and that turned out OK.

Nicknames

In my youth in Memphis all the people I ran around with had nicknames. My brother, Charles, for example, was named "Time-O" because he constantly read *Time* magazine and referred to *Time* in the same manner in those days as people referred to *Reader's Digest*. If they read it in *Reader's Digest*, it was like reading it in the Bible. Everybody quoted the *Reader's Digest*. And Charles always quoted *Time*. He thought it superior to *Reader's Digest*.

Then there was Snapper Morgan. Snapper's real name was Bill, but we always called him "Snapper" because he constantly snapped his fingers. He'd say, "Are we (snap, snap) going to the (snap, snap) picture show (snap, snap) tonight? What's (snap, snap, snap) on? Anybody (snap) seen anything good?"

There was a good friend of mine, James Roland New. We always called him "Oliver" because in the "Song of Roland", Charlemagne's story, Oliver and Roland could each do what the other one could. And so we called James "Oliver". Unless you were on the inside group and knew the Charlemagne story you had no idea why he was called "Oliver."

Then there was "Pay-pay" Darnell. He was in our fraternity, Sigma Delta Phi, and he had the hardest time paying his dues. It was twenty-five cents a week and they collected dues every meeting. The treasurer would call the roll and you'd step up and put your twenty-five cents on the table. And he would call this Darnell boy and he never had any money. So we'd take up the chant, "Pay, pay your dues, pay pay your dues." Pretty soon he became "Pay-pay".

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Then there was a girl named Phoebe. We were at a cocktail party one time, and she was at the shrimp bowl. She'd put a toothpick in and pick up a shrimp and say, "This is for me," and then she'd take another shrimp and say, "This is for Phoebe." So we just called her "Me for Me."

One of the most fascinating nicknames belonged to a girl named Mary Evans. We never called her Mary; we called her "Mud." It seems that she was just a very young baby, just a couple of weeks old, when her mother was out with her in an automobile going somewhere with her, and a thunder storm came up. Now this family was a very devout Roman Catholic one, and Mrs. Evans was afraid she was going to be killed; her baby was going to be killed; the baby was not baptized so she was surely going to hell, and all that kind of stuff. So she pulled the car over and got out, and in a muddy puddle of water she baptized that girl. She came home and the little girl's dress was all muddy and dirty and everything, but Mrs. Evans was quick to tell everyone that she had baptized her one and only child there in the gutter in that very muddy water. After that everybody called her "Mud" and that was her name from then on.

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We had a lot of these people that had these nicknames. The most fabulous one was Jab Jameson's. It was "King of the Dirt Track, Terror of the Sawdust Pit," and that was his whole name. We also used to call him "Jeeves" from Wodehouse's trusty old Jeeves. We quit calling him Jeeves and called him "Jab." Well, Jab was very wealthy and never did a day's work. We used to tease him a bit and say, "Jab, when are you going to get a job and make some money?" and he'd say, "I don't have to, I'm well taken care of." But he finally couldn't take the criticism and had to go to work. So one night we had a party and Jab announced, "I have a job."

"What! What is your job?" we asked.

"Well, translating a French cookbook into English and it's about outdoor barbecuing."

"Well," we said, "we didn't know that the French went in much for barbecuing."

"Well, that's the whole point. I have these secret recipes that the French call outdoor barbecuing, and it will be published."

So in a few months, sure enough, there was this volume, *Outdoor French Barbecuing*, by Jameson. Well it didn't sell very well, and I remember I was in Chattanooga, and I picked up a magazine and there was a LARGE advertisement from the American Gourmet Society recommending this book on French barbecuing. I was really impressed that the American Gourmet Society would recommend it. So I called Jab and said, "Jab, I was

in Chattanooga and was reading a magazine and there's a great recommendation for your book from the American Gourmet Society."

"George," he said, "I AM the American Gourmet Society."

He's the only person I ever knew that had a custom made GI uniform. When he was in the army, he went to the tailor and had the tailor fit his uniform to a "T" --- a special made uniform just for him. He was stationed at Fort Oglethorpe outside Chattanooga, across the Georgia border there. His job was to get the mail and have it back say at three o'clock in the morning and he had a twenty-four pass. It was fantastic to go into the hotel and see all these majors and colonels and high ranking officers trying to get a room. Jab would walk in in his GI custom made uniform and up to desk. "Oh, Mr. Jameson, Mr. Jameson, it's good to see you, good to see you! What can we do for you?" And the whole thing would stop and attention wasn't given to the colonels or lieutenants, generals or whatever was there but to this private. As I said, he had more money than anything else, so he had a room there every day. Of course, all the bell boys, the waiters, that crowd were very fond of him for he was very generous with his money. His great fear was that somehow or other he might oversleep and not get back to the base and lose his twenty-four pass. So he had three alarm clocks and they were set at different distances in the room. One would go off, and in about three minutes another one would go off, and in another three minutes the next one would go off. Then he would be wide awake and ready to go and get the mail, get it out to the fort and get it up so he could leave again. That's the way Jab went through the war. He had a great time.

The Zoo

One of the things to test your manhood was to go to the lion house at the zoo -- the big cat house. (*here a remark was made by BAB concerning idiomatic usage*) Well, they had those bad houses in Memphis also. I do remember reading in the paper where Crump, the dictator of Memphis, had all the bad girls rounded up and put on a train and sent to Arkansas across the river. Just wiped them out in Memphis. Of course, they came back, but it made a good story and showed he was cleaning up Memphis. One time they had the Cotton Carnival, a big, big occasion. Like all things, they don't have that anymore. But in one Cotton Carnival the parade went through the red light section. And here comes the King of Carnival who is supposed to be unknown, and he comes riding on his big throne and all the bad girls hung out the window and yelled, "Hello, Charlie!" at him all the way down the street.

Well, the lion house I was going to tell you about was at Overton Park in Memphis. There was this great rectangular building at the zoo and it was full of panthers, lions, and tigers --- the big cats. Around five o'clock in the fall or winter particularly it would start getting dark. Now the lion cages and the big cat cages were on each side of the building. Then there was the center aisle that ran from one door on the east to another door on the west. And that was it; there were no lights. As the sun went down, it got dark in there, and the test of your bravery was that someone would shut the far door, and you would stand at the near door and close the door behind you. Then you would see how long it would take you to walk from one door to the exit. Well, you'd been in the building only two minutes before, and you saw the animals were well caged, but you'd go in and shut yourself in the dark and you'd hear the lions coughing or scraping their claws on the concrete. It was an act of terror and you just flew out. The real brave people could stay there a long time. Now it's strange the tricks of the imagination. What it was didn't bother you a bit one minute, and just by cutting off the lights, so to speak, all of a sudden the unknown takes hold of you and you're in terror. Anyway that was one of the other things we did.

The Hale Boys' Fights

During these years my father was very tolerant of us, really. One time I was at a dance, and some boy said something that I didn't think he should have said; so I said, "We'll just step outside and settle this." We went outside and, of course, when you have a fight, everybody rushes into it. Well it wasn't much of a fight; it didn't last two seconds. I swung at him and missed, and he hit me and I went down. My brother Edward was there and he stepped in and this boy said, "Well, you're bigger than I am. I can't fight you but I'll get somebody to fight you." So that was on Tuesday during Christmas holidays. On Wednesday night after the dance we all went out to Overton Park . . . scads of people . . . and Ed and some other boy had a fight. Now Ed really wasn't involved in this, you know, but he had a fight and beat this boy up pretty badly.

"Well," this boy said, "I'm going to get my friend so-and-so and you can fight him."

"No," Ed said, "but my brother Charles will."

The next morning at breakfast Ed said, "Dad, Charles has to fight so-and-so because I said he would."

"Well, Charles, I guess you'll have to," Dad said.

Now Charles was completely removed from this. You see, Charles is two years older than I am, and at that age he was well removed from this thing. He had his own car; he had a job and hated to get involved in this high school business. But Dad said, "You'll have to do it, Charles," so Charles did.

The next night after the dance we all went out into the country and had this fight. It didn't amount to very much, but everybody thought it was great. Some man at that time had opened a restaurant in that part of town east of Memphis. He was pretty well isolated, but after the fight the crowd went to his restaurant, and he got out the right mat and treated us well; so he became accepted and that became one of our hang-outs after the Hale boys' fights.

Father

Our father was kind of like a god. Visually, symbolically, he was like a great bear, and you didn't disobey the bear. He had played tackle at Harvard, and he was pretty well built. I remember when my brother Edward came back from the war. He had been gone about three years. It was quite a home coming. Dad embraced his son. There was a lot of kissing and carrying on. It was very heart warming. Ed had a full beard --- a full beard --- and it went from ear, through the chin, to the other ear. We had dinner and that was great. After dinner we sat around and talked and Dad said, "Edward, you shave before you come down in the morning. As long as you eat in this house, you shave." And there was Edward; he'd been at war for three years, and he shaved. It was just a different way of life.

We never had a family gathering to decide anything; for example, our father would never ask us what kind of car to buy, or what color. He would just say, "If you boys want to see the new car, it's in the driveway." Well, the amusing thing was he didn't drive. He drove one time in his life. He said, "I have a wife who drives; I have four children who drive. If I want to go anywhere, they can take me." So he never drove except one time when we were in Lexington. The church gave him an automobile. It was parked in the garage and mother drove it. He never learned to drive. One winter he had an engagement at Mount Sterling, a little town outside of Lexington, and Mother was away. We were children and couldn't drive. Well, he backed that car out and drove it to Mount Sterling, came home, and of course, everybody was amazed. Everybody said, "How did you do it?", and he said, "When you have to do something, you do it." That was the only time he drove. He did not drive a car. The way he looked at it --- these people can drive; they'll drive --- and so we did.

My mother called him "Dr. Hale" or "Mr. Hale," and he called her "Mrs. Hale." To us he would say, "Your Mother --- your Mother says it's time to come in. Your Mother says it's time to go to bed." He never said, "I say it's time," but, "Your Mother says it's time."

Mother

It always amused us as we got older. Mother really ran the family, but she let my father think he did. For example, she never wrote a check. She had no idea in the world about insurance, business, or anything like that. If she wanted something, she would go to my father and say, "Dr. Hale, I need fifty dollars," and he'd give her fifty dollars. He'd never say, "What for?" or anything else. That's just the way it was. She was a lot of fun. She was a Virginian and Dad came from New England. She would say, "Well, boys, your father had sense enough to marry a Virginian." My father never bought anything. She bought his clothes. She'd pick out three suits, and he'd pick the one he wanted.

She was something. She'd go to the store, pick up a grapefruit, turn and say to the clerk, "Is this any good?" and he'd say, "Well, Mrs. Hale, I think I can get you a better one." Then he'd go to the back of the store and pick it out. She was the only person I knew who could always get chocolate. She'd go to the grocery store, walk in, and say, "Mr. Cecil, I need chocolate." Of course during the war everybody needed chocolate; everybody wanted chocolate. But he would fall all over himself to get her chocolate or sugar. People just loved to wait on her. I don't know why, but she was just one of those people that other people got pleasure out of doing things for. She wasn't very tall. In fact she was a small woman and maybe people just looked on her as a doll. They were just fascinated with this little woman. She really thought the world stopped for her, and when she wanted something, she expected it to be there.

Hello The Cabin

While we're talking about my family, let me tell you some of my father's stories. As a young man in New York my father heard Bishop Gable speak. Since he was the eldest of the bishops, he was appointed as the presiding bishop. They weren't elected as they are today. Well, the bishop made an appeal in New York and in Philadelphia for young men to volunteer to serve in the church with the idea of going south and being teachers --- kind of like a Peace Corps for the southern mountain people --- and my father volunteered to do it. He came south and his first position was as a teacher in a rural school in the mountains outside Charlottesville, Virginia. I think he was one of very few men on the campus, so it fell his lot to go into town and he walked in. The roads were terrible, if there were any roads at all. He would walk in and get the payroll. So one time he went in to town, got the payroll, and headed back to school. It began to get dark and he knew he'd

never make it back to campus, so he started looking around for a place to sleep. And he finally saw a cabin up on the hill-side. You don't go up to the cabin and knock on the door; you stand down from it and call out . . . "HELLO-O-O, HELLO, HELLO THE CABIN." In a little while the door opened. It was right dark in there. Then you could see the cabin light up behind the open door, and they called him on up. He went up to the cabin and there was a man and wife and several children, all in one room. There was a huge fire place with a mantle at one end, a table in the middle of the room, and beds around the wall. They invited him to have supper with them, and supper was primarily lard and grits. That was it. After they had supper, they showed him where he could sleep in one of the beds around the wall. No television, no radio, nothing like that in those days, and they didn't have anything to read so they went to bed. He took his payroll and put it under his pillow, put his gun under his pillow, and went to sleep. In the morning he woke up, and the first thing he did was feel to see if the money was still there. Well, the money was still there, but the pistol was gone. And he looked up and on the mantle and he saw the pistol; it was open and all the bullets were lined up. They were telling him, "You didn't trust us. We trusted you. We wouldn't take your money, but just to show you we could, we took your pistol." And he said it was a real lesson in trusting people. They had given him food and shelter, and he didn't really trust them. He learned something.

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While my father was still in the hills of Virginia, he was given a small wooden church for his use. On Sunday during the service the men would stand outside the door listening or on the side at the window. Only the women and children were seated inside the church. Dad was preaching on Christ the King. And as he preached, he could not help but notice that bullets were rolling down the center aisle toward him. He quickly finished the service and his sermon and went outside. There he asked the old patriarch about the bullets. The old man said, "Preacher, you were preaching about Christ the King. Our grandpappies settled that king business at King's Mountain. This time the bullets were rolled at you. Next time they come out of a rifle."

Dad followed the old man to his cabin. They were accompanied by the old man's grandson of about twelve years of age. When they went inside, the patriarch told the grandson to get the jug. The boy pulled up a board in the

floor and got out a jug of corn whiskey. He offered my father a swig and took one himself. The boy said, "Grandpap, can I have a swig?" The old man nodded his head yes. Dad said by then tears were streaming down his face, but the liquor didn't seem to bother the old man or the boy.

"Preacher, as you know we don't have any real roads up here and there's no way to get the corn crop out except by making corn whiskey."

"Don't feel bad about it," Dad said, "George Washington and Mr. Jefferson (you always say Mr. Jefferson in Virginia) both made whiskey and wine. They were Episcopalians. That's my church, you know, and I'd like for you and the boy to join. Not only were George Washington and Mr. Jefferson members, but three-fourths of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and two-thirds of the signers of the Constitution were Episcopalian; so you would be in good company."

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Stuart Hale Russell, our only grandson, is at school at St. Paul's in Concord, New Hampshire. St. Paul's is one of the outstanding prep schools in America. It's the school that my Uncle Edward went to and it's the school that my father, Charles Stuart Hale went to. This is a strange little story. You go into this magnificent chapel; it's one of the most beautiful chapels of any school in America. As you go in, there's a little Baptistery section, and on the wall are listed the graduates of St. Paul's who became clergymen. And up on the wall you'll see the name of Edward Stuart Hale, but you don't see Charles Stuart Hale. Now both of these brothers became clergyman, and both attended St. Paul's, but Charles did not attend very long. When Charles was there, the rector, as he's called, always told the boys the text he would be talking to them about the next day. So they knew what the text was, and they just couldn't resist it. Two or three of them, including my father, sawed most of the floor out from under the pulpit. Now the rector was rather heavy set and short, and he stepped up into the pulpit and said the Ascension text, "Now you see me, and now you don't." And he dropped down, and disappeared behind the pulpit. Well, those boys were asked to be removed from the school, and my father was taken home. He later went to Stone School in Boston, but there's no record at St. Paul's of my father's ever being there. It's just like he never attended. I think it showed rather a lack of a sense of humor on the part of the authorities.

Grandfather

Did I talk about my grandfather? My grandfather, Charles Stuart Hale, grew up in Clarmont, New Hampshire. His father, Josiah Hale, ran the last station in the Underground Railroad in New Hampshire. He used to tell stories of coming to breakfast as a boy and finding the kitchen filled with run-away slaves.

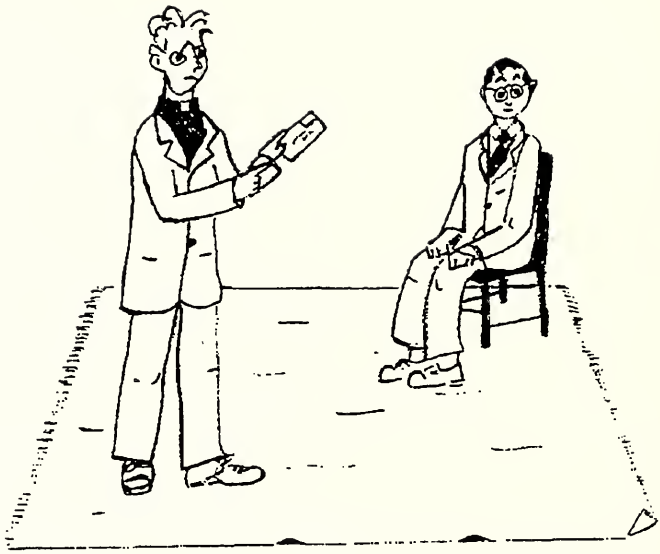
My grandfather was a civil engineer and also a priest. He was the rector of a church in Clarmont and later was rector in Bellows Falls, Vermont, which is a falls on what they call a river but I'd call a little stream. He was also a chaplain in the Civil War, and he took part in the taking of New Bern, North Carolina. His group of volunteers from Vermont came down and took New Bern. We used to have some of the loot but it's pretty scattered now. We had a fire fender from the palace that my sister had --- I guess she gave it to her children; I don't know where it is now. We had a lot of books that my grandfather liberated from the Confederates at New Bern. The odd thing is that not many years after the war, Christ Church, New Bern, asked my grandfather to come back to New Bern to be the rector. Now I always thought they were the most forgiving of people, or this man surely had a great personality which they couldn't resist, because it just didn't make good sense at all for them to do this --- the way the feeling was at New Bern and North Carolina (and still is today) over the war they fought. Yet this man became their rector after the war . . . this YANKEE!.

If you go to New Bern to Christ Church, they have a hallway, I guess it's in the parish house, I'm not real sure, but it's right there at the church or the parish house. There's a hallway that has pictures or paintings of all the former rectors, and my grandfather's portrait is there. Carolyn and I went down to New Bern one time and saw the picture. I came back to Raleigh and wrote the rector and said, "I noticed you have a picture of my grandfather who was rector at New Bern shortly after the war. I just wonder if you'd like to have a picture of him in his federal uniform?" He wrote me back and said, "Thank you, but no thank you." I guess he figured enough was enough.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH
SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

SEMINARY
ALL SAINTS CHAPEL

This Stamp



When I went to seminary, Dean James wrote me a letter of acceptance to the seminary at Sewanee and invited me to come and visit him the day before school started. So I wrote him back and said that would be fine and I would be in his office at 10:00 on Monday morning. And you talk about a shock! I went in and said, "Dean James, I'm George Hale."

"Sit down," he said, "and tell me where you got this stationery, and tell me where you got the envelope, and tell me above all else where you got the stamp!"

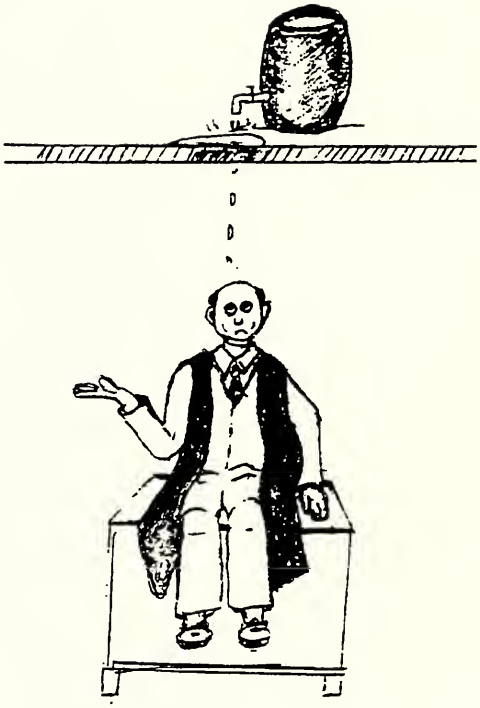
"Sir, I don't know what you're talking about," I said.

"This letter to me was written on your father's stationery, and," he said, "this envelope is written on your father's envelope. I assume he gave you the stamp."

And that was my introduction to seminary. I'd never seen this guy before, and he was trying to set some lesson that it was an act of dishonesty, I guess. I'd used my father's stationery. Or maybe he thought I was using my father's position in the church. I have no idea, but he made a big point out of it. That was mainly the conversation.

Two or three years later I lived up on the fourth floor; it was way up high in the dormitory. We had a suite of two bedrooms, a living room, a fire place, too, but you had to carry the coal upstairs from the basement which made it a good four flights up. And I heard this "Hale! Hale! I want to see you." The door was shut and I didn't know who it was, and the voice kept getting louder and louder and more angry. Finally I opened the door and yelled, "By damn, if you want to see me come the hell all the way up here. I'm not coming down there." In a little bit Dean James knocked on my door. Oh gracious. How to win friends.

Theology Class



The students in the School of Theology lived on the second and third floor of the school and classes were held on the first floor. I remember being in Dr. Yerkes' class, a class in theology, and all of a sudden there was an odor of beer, and we started looking around and looked up at the ceiling and beer was dripping down from the ceiling on Dr. Yerkes' desk. A student got up real fast and ran up stairs and turned off this keg of beer. Somebody had been in his room, gotten some beer, and left the tap running full force. But Dr. Yerkes took it in full stride, and it wasn't any problem. It was amusing to all of us.

What were some of the discussions in seminary? Well, one of the most difficult things in theology is this: (Now let's see how maybe you might handle it as you think about it.) There is no beginning, no ending with God. The symbol of God is a circle. The symbol for man is a straight line; it has a beginning and an end. God is symbolized as a circle having no beginning and no end and is perfect. I think it was Michaelangelo who was one of the few people who could draw a perfect circle. Well anyway, God is perfect. You can't take anything away from God. You can't add anything to God. All right. Now you have the Holy Trinity . . . God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Now Jesus takes on humanity. Jesus becomes a human being. Jesus dies and his body is changed and glorified. After the resurrection and the Ascension Jesus returns to heaven. What happens to the humanity? What happens to that body? How can you add to that which is perfect? You have the Father, you have the Son, you have the Holy Ghost, and over there you have the body of Jesus. Where do you put it? We weren't given an answer but were to think about it. That was a better problem to think about than the old medieval "How many angels could dance on the head of a pin." But here you had a perfect being and you could not add anything to it. You had no human body, glorified as it was, yet that human body leaves the earth and goes into heavenly places. Where does it fit in with the perfect God?

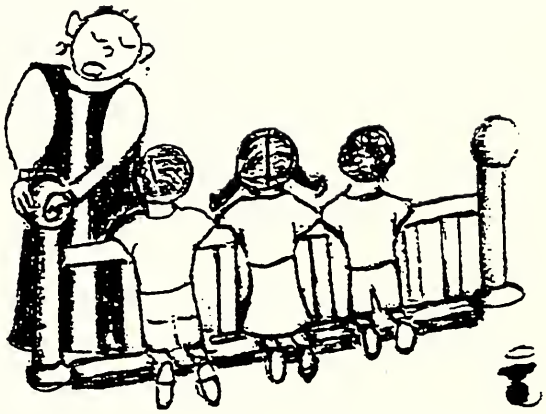
BAB: *I'd have to start with the Trinity. I have heard it is like describing the sun. It is bright; it is hot; it is life-giving. We can think of God with our finite mind in the same manner giving God the qualities of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, but that doesn't define God.*

Well, if you use water it will come out even better . . . steam, ice, and water. It's all the same; there's no difference yet there's difference. Then if you think: I'm sitting in this chair and I'm thinking of myself sitting in this chair; then I can conceive of myself thinking of myself sitting in this chair. That's a trinity.

BAB: *And as for troubling about the human body of Jesus, I think in my studies I did better sticking to organic chemistry and physics for even if I did have an awful time with them, I got an answer at the end.*

That's right. And you do not get an answer in theology because if you understood God then you would be God.

Bishop Stories



There are many stories told in seminary. One of them is, and I guess it's told at every school of theology down through the years, the story of the old and nearly blind bishop. In the old days there was no retirement age. Even in England today you can be a bishop at ninety years of age. Even in the American Church there was no retirement age until fairly recently. The story is told that this old bishop was confirming. He went down the altar rail putting his hands on the heads of people and confirming them. Well, the altar rail had these carved ends, and they were kind of like skulls and he put his hands on the posts and confirmed the posts. What can you do about that? And in theology they always bring up the story that during the Middle Ages the host was dropped and a mouse ate it. All right, the mouse had received the Body of Christ. Is the mouse different from any other mouse? What does one do about the mouse? Does he have a special place in heaven?

There are other bishop stories that I think are kind of fun to talk about. One was about Bishop Quintard. Bishop Quintard, I believe, was the second Bishop of Tennessee. Bishop Otey was the first one. In Bishop Otey and Bishop Quintard's time Tennessee was still very primitive, and bishops, of course, had to travel. In those days in frontier situations you'd find an inn, but an inn was just a place to feed your horse and to get something to eat and drink and to get a place to sleep. Quite often there would be just one bed . . . a huge bed . . . that would sleep say five people. And they weren't necessarily kin to one another. So Bishop Quintard arrived, had his dinner, and went up to go to bed. He had only been in bed a little while when he heard all this racket, and the door was slung open, and this man yelled out, "Preacher, get the hell out of that bed. I'm not going to sleep with any preacher. I'll just sleep in this bed by myself. Get out of it!" And the story is that Bishop Quintard didn't say a word. He just took his hand out from under the cover and put it out to the side of the bed. His hand was twice the size of an average man's hand, and that was the end of that. The man just turned and walked out.

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And the other story was about Bishop Maxon at a funeral. He was burying this person and had reached the part of the service where he'd take dirt and sprinkle it on the casket . . . "Ashes to ashes . . ." and all that kind of thing. He turned to the undertaker and asked for some dirt, and the undertaker put rose petals in his hand. The bishop threw them on the ground and said, "I said DIRT." The undertaker again put rose petals in his hands, and the bishop threw them on the ground. "Give me some DIRT." And the undertaker said in a whisper, "Bishop, petals turn to dirt." And the bishop said, "So do damn fool undertakers, but I don't throw them on the casket."

Shake Rag

Near the University of the South, which is also known as Sewanee, there's a community called "Shake Rag." The name came from the fact that the students, and I assume some of the faculty at the university, when they wanted some alcohol would go out to this community. Alcohol was forbidden on the mountain. Women were forbidden, alcohol was forbidden, and Methodists were forbidden. Methodists had their own school over at Vanderbilt. So when boys desired alcohol, thought the need was overwhelming, they'd go over the Shake Rag. They went to the meadow, took their handkerchief out, shook it. Pretty soon a person would come out of the woods bringing alcohol, and that's how you bought your corn liquor. Shake Rag to this day is still there. I imagine though, with the repeal of Prohibition and sale of beer everywhere, that it's not as bad as it was when I was at Sewanee in the early forties.

Wrong James

We had a young man in seminary with us who went to St. Paul's in Chattanooga for his first position. As a young deacon he arrived to help at St. Paul's, and the rector told him, "James, don't go up on the mountain. People up there are different. They're Episcopalians, but they live differently. I'll do the calling up there." (I think they had a little money up there. That's one of the reasons.) But he told James not to go up there. Telling James not to go up there made James just want to go up all the more, so up the mountain he went. And he got up there at a decent hour, it was around ten o'clock, and he knocked on the door. He rang the bell. No one answered, so he just kind of wandered around to the back of the house, and there was a woman who had on a pair of shorts and that was all. She was watering her garden. He said, "Good morning," and she swished the hose on him right in his face. It liked to have drowned him, and he fled. He was silly enough to tell the rector what had happened, and he said, "Well, I told you not to go up there."

Shortly after that he decided that was just a one time thing. It was summer and he decided to go up and call again, so he went up. He didn't seem to realize that these people partied all night and slept most of the morning and got up around lunch or brunch time. So he goes again, and he knocks on the door and a voice cries out, "Is that you, James?"

"Yes it is," he said.

"Well, come in, come in."

And he went in and he entered the main room of the house, and this nude woman who had just stepped out of her bath came up drying herself with this huge towel. She had the towel up over her face drying her hair. She lowered the towel and screamed, "You're not my James." Wrong James! He didn't go back up there.

ELIZABETHTON, TENNESSEE
ST. THOMAS CHURCH

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE
ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

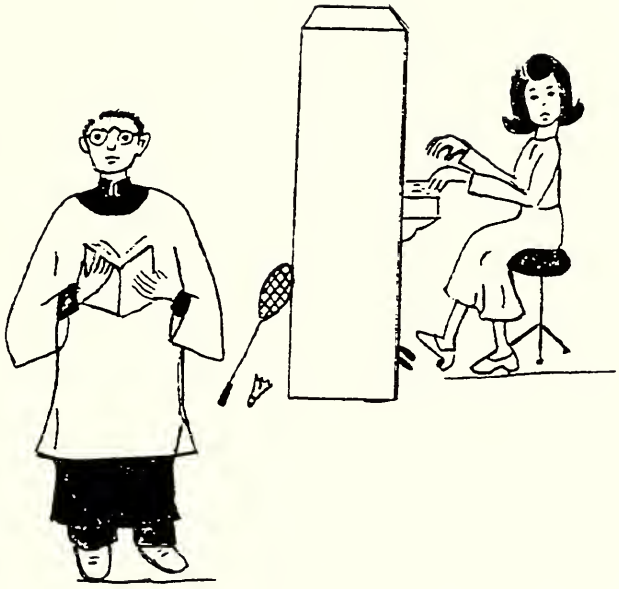
State College

When I was in East Tennessee, I lived at State Teacher's College (now East Tennessee State University) because it was so cheap. It was the cheapest place I could find to live. So I went back to college. I enrolled and took a few courses so I could live in the dormitory. I got to know a lot of the students there, so I organized a Canterbury Club which is what we used to call the Episcopal Students Club. The students who were in the club were not Episcopalian, because you're talking about East Tennessee and there aren't many Episcopalians up there. One of the members was a minister of the Church of the Brethren; I think it might have been the River Brethren. He was real entertaining young man and he said he could hypnotize you. Well, there was this girl who had no use for him at all, and she made fun of hypnotism. "Well, if you'll really play fair," he said, "if you'll really relax and play fair, I can hypnotize you."

"All right," she said, "I will not fight you. I will clear my mind, and you go ahead and hypnotize me."

And sure enough he did! He would say, "Elizabeth, turn around. Elizabeth, sit down." She was under his command. Now bear in mind, she didn't like him. Do you know that they got married? And to this day I still think that girl is hypnotized, and one of these days she's going to wake up and say, "WHO ARE YOU??"

Psalm 116 or Song 116



I'm one of those rare people who fell in love at first sight with my wife . . . my wife to be. It was in Elizabethton, Tennessee, and it was on the first Sunday that I had service. It was the first Sunday I really ever HAD a church service by myself except those at Seminary which were practice runs, so to say. But anyway, it was Elizabethton and one of the good ladies of the church had recommended Carolyn Ann Sharp, who was a member of the Baptist Church, to come and play for our church service. We didn't have an organ; we had an upright piano. So I walked in the church and here was this lovely young woman ready to play the music for my service. And I was charmed with her immediately. So in the service I said, "Psalm 116." She thought I said, "Song 116." So she started playing song 116 in the hymnal, and I started reading from the Psalter the 116 Psalm. She wouldn't stop and I wouldn't stop, and the congregation started giggling and it was

outrageous. She was so embarrassed that she said she wouldn't ever come back. She told her mother that she never wanted to go to that strange Episcopal Church again, and she never wanted to see that young man who didn't know the difference between a psalm and a song.

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That's the little church that the five or six Episcopalians in Elizabethton bought from the Methodists to play badminton in so they could play on rainy days. They stripped the church of everything and put a net up. That's what they did, and that went on for a while until they got bored with that and decided to see if they could start an Episcopal Church there. That's exactly how it got started. The oldest building in town, I think, is that little Episcopal Church which used to be a Methodist Church and, you know, you go to the average community and ask where a church is and they'll say, "Well, it's four blocks down on your left, or it's next to that great big Baptist Church," or whatever. But in Elizabethton in those days you'd ask, "Where's the Episcopal Church?" You'd ask this question of a policeman which is all right for he's supposed to know the town, and he would laugh and say, "Well, it's down behind the jail." And that's exactly where it was. You went down the street and there was the courthouse; in back of the courthouse was the jail and the service garage for the patrol cars, and across the street was this small, formerly Methodist Church with hand made brick. That's where I had service. Sunday mornings all the drunks they had rounded up on Saturday night were bored and so forth and they'd stand at the windows of the jail upstairs and join in the hymns. It was quite something.

And we always had a good congregation on snowy, icy Sundays because it became a matter of pride for Episcopalians to tell their Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist friends THEY GOT TO CHURCH. And, of course, they'd probably have a few drinks and then head out in their cars with chains or on sleds and have a great time and make an occasion of coming to church. We saw more on a bad icy Sunday than we did on a pretty day. On pretty days they played golf or went fishing. It was quite an occasion.

We had more women in the Women's Auxiliary than we had church members. It was a real social gathering and then on Wednesdays they'd

have a very fine tea. They called themselves the Women's Auxiliary of St. Thomas on the Doe. Have you ever noticed the smaller the church the bigger the name? St. Thomas on the Doe, the Doe being the Doe River. I notice in these latter years that they've dropped the Doe now and it's just St. Thomas. Anyway the ladies would gather on Wednesday with about three Episcopalians and thirty Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists. It was just a social club. They could have called it the weekly Book Reading Society or something else. When I arrived and suggested that they come to church that kind of broke up the meetings.

They still use that church. As a matter of fact, the government went in and tore down all the slums and everything around the church and it sits on a very pretty piece of property. Carolyn's mother is still a member there and she goes back often as she can.

Establishing Churches

Really my background in the ministry would go back to East Tennessee. My father had originally started his work in Etowah which is not so far from Chattanooga. Then he went up to Kingsport. In those days Kingsport was run by one man, a man named Johnson. And this Johnson had organized, conceived of, and put into practice a model city. Kingsport, Tennessee, was planned as a model town with all the parks and manufacturing areas where people worked. Everything was under a building code. And he decided that he would have a community church, and that would be it. And in those days they were just Christians --- primarily Baptist, Church of God, and Methodists living up there in the mountains, so he would just have a Christian Church. There were no Jews. Oh, there were a few families. Some of them like the Gumps became Episcopalians. Anyway, my father arrived in Kingsport and was told that he could not build a church --- that there was to be just one church. So Dad bought a home and had services in his living room. And that's how St. Paul's in Kingsport started. Then as these things happen, the wife of the "dictator", so to speak, decided she wanted her church. She was Presbyterian, and she didn't want to go to community church. She wanted to go to the Presbyterian Church. So she prevailed upon her husband to let them build a Presbyterian Church. Well, as soon as he did that, it opened to the rest of them, and the Episcopal Church moved out of my father's living room and they built a church in Kingsport.

And then something really strange happened. He was called to be the rector of the church in Bristol, Tennessee-Virginia. Well, he arrived in Bristol, and there was a little, white, wooden structure used as the Episcopal Church on the Tennessee side of the line, so he was still in the Diocese of Tennessee. Then he convinced them to build a beautiful little stone church in downtown Bristol, but it was on the Virginia side. So Dad had to give up being a Tennessee high churchman and become a low churchman under Bishop Jett. So they worked out a deal. They let him stay on at Kingsport in Tennessee, and he now lived in Bristol, Virginia.

Bishop Jett came to service and my father had candles on the altar, Eucharist candles for a communion service. And Bishop Jett looked into the church and said, "Charles, take those candlesticks off the altar. I don't use candles. In my service there won't be any candles."

"Yes, Sir," Dad said, "I'll take them off, but you understand when you leave, they go back on."

"Oh," he said, "That's all right. I don't care what you do, but I don't use them."

The candles were just part of my Dad's upbringing. His father wore the first Eucharist vestments in the American Church.

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In his first service with Bishop Gaylor he was nervous as could be. Bishop Gaylor was the Bishop of Tennessee who ordained Dad. And in their first service together Dad read the Epistle and the bishop read the Gospel. Dad read the Epistle and finished it, and there was dead silence. And Dad said he waited, and looked around. No one was doing anything. The bishop was just standing there. All of a sudden it dawned on Dad to say, "Here endeth the Epistle." And then the bishop boomed out "The Holy Gospel . . .," but he wasn't going to say a word until "Here endeth the Epistle."

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I had the unique distinction of starting an Episcopal Church the furthest east and the furthest west in Tennessee. The eastern church was in Mountain City. They had never had an Episcopal service in Mountain City, so I went up there and here again the Methodists were nice to us. They let us use their church for our service in the afternoon. I got Bishop Dandridge to come up and he baptized and confirmed a young lady one Sunday afternoon. And that was the furthest east. The Episcopalians were not liked by the mountain people who settled that part of Tennessee. These people were called "regulators" and had fled over the mountains and started their own community to escape the taxes of the British. And they had had it in for the Episcopalians all these years because the original Episcopalians (the Anglicans) decided if you weren't baptized Church of England, you weren't a citizen. You couldn't own property.

They rigged up all this kind of stuff, and then the speculators from North Carolina came in and said all the homesteads of these regulators, as they were called, were invalid because the owners weren't baptized in the Anglican Church. So they still remembered with a great deal of hatred how they lost their valuable lands to the Episcopal Church. At least they blamed it on the Episcopal Church. So we couldn't do anything in East Tennessee for a long, long time.

When I went back to Memphis, I decided to have a church down in White Haven which at that time was the furthest west you could go and very close to the Mississippi line. We built a little church down there, so six hundred miles apart in the same state I helped found those little churches.

RETURN TO MEMPHIS
GRACE - ST. LUKE'S CHURCH

Grace - St. Luke's Church

After Elizabethton I returned to Memphis to be my father's assistant, and a lot of fun things happened. Grace Church parish had become a slum area and so it was determined that Grace and St. Luke's would be combined. The interior of St. Luke's was lifted out and rebuilt. Grace Church, which was much more wealthy than St. Luke's, had a lot of beautiful glass windows and hangings and furniture that were brought up to the new location. Now Dr. Hawk, the organist of Grace Church, also came with the relocation; so when the interior was being reorganized, Dr. Hawk insisted that the organ be moved from the Gospel side to the Epistle side.

"Why? Why should the organ be moved from the Gospel side to the Epistle side? Why? What difference does it make where you play?" Dad asked.

"Well," he said, "I'm used to slipping outside and smoking while the sermon's on. I did that down at the other church, and I assume I'll do it here?"

So they moved the organ and put it over by the side door and when Mr. Gehri or my father was preaching, you'd look over at the organ bench and Dr. Hawk was outside smoking. He did that.

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I was doing communion and was giving out the bread on Christmas Eve, and I was going along the rail giving bread. All of a sudden I looked down, and this woman had an absolutely kelly green head of hair. I recognized her. She was Ann Lougheed, Marcia's godmother, and she had dyed her hair green! I had never seen such, and I got all mixed up in the service; I forgot the words; it was ridiculous.

Did I ever tell you the story about calling on the very wealthy woman who had her portrait painted? Well, I went out to call on this lady, and she

had a great deal of money and very little sense, and had bought this very, very expensive home. Somewhere along the way an Italian painter, who was just roaming around the country painting portraits, arrived in Memphis and somehow or another he met her and told her how all the great houses in Italy had a painting in the ceiling of the mistress of the house. So he convinced this lady that she should have her portrait painted and he did, and painted a full nude painting of her up on the ceiling of the drawing room. Well, you would go visit this house, sit down, and look up there and BINGO!! there was this beautiful nude woman peering down at you. That was bad enough but the question came up when I went to call on her the first time --- when she comes into the room, do I look at the woman or do I look at the painting? How could you ignore this woman peering down?

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Grace Church and St. Luke's Church, under the pressure of the bishop, were combined. My father, who had been a priest longer than the other rector, was the rector of St. Luke's. He suggested in the presence of the bishop and in the presence of the rector of Grace Church that they cut cards to see who would be the rector of the newly combined parish, because in the Episcopal Church, no matter what title you have, there is only one rector. Well the rector of Grace Church said, "No, I don't gamble. I'm going to be the rector." Dad was just kind of non-plus. He didn't know what to say, and the bishop backed this other gentleman. "Yes, Charles. He'll be the rector."

Well what happened here, my father learned later. Now you've got to remember this was the 1940's, and if you were homosexual, it was like having leprosy. People had a great deal of contempt. Homosexuals were outside society. There were no people coming out of the closet in those days. Dad learned later that the bishop was a homosexual, and the rector of Grace Church knew it, and he blackmailed his way into being the rector of the combined parishes of Grace-St. Lukes's.

My Worst Wedding

I was to marry a soldier and this girl. She had just made her debut, had been chosen to be queen of Osiris or one of the secret societies, and then she was going to get married. She was eighteen years old. This was the biggest wedding I had ever had and it was to be at five o'clock. At five o'clock she said to me, "I'm not going to marry him!" So I sent word to the organist to keep playing . . . that I'm going to run late. IT RAN LATE. It got to be five twenty.

"Ann," I said, "aren't you going to marry him?"

"No, I have no intention of marrying him."

"Well, Ann, all these people out there (seven or eight hundred people) have all come for this, and your parents have fixed the reception at home . . . and fixed all that food and everything. Something has got to give."

"You go out there," she said," and tell that congregation to go on to my house, and you don't have to tell them anything else."

So I went out and said, "There's been a little mix up in the wedding and it is suggested by the bride and her family that you go on to the reception." So they got up and milled around and finally the church was empty. So I went back and said, "Well, they're all gone, Ann."

"Well, you go tell Charles I'll marry him, but I won't live with him."

Well, I thought, OK . . . that's progress. So I said, "Charles, she wants to marry you but she's not going to live with you."

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"Well, let's go ahead and do it." So I performed the service; they were married; then she went to her home. It was a big house and she went upstairs. Later I joined her there.

"That's all I'm going to do," she said. "I'm not going to live with him, but I'm married. Are you satisfied?"

"OK, but I'm not involved in this. My satisfaction is immaterial," I said.

"Well, that's it," she said. So I went downstairs and had some food and went home and that was that.

A few days later I was told that Ann was in the hospital, having had a complete nervous breakdown. So I went down to see her and talked to her doctors who said, "Well the wedding was just too much for her just after making her debut." Making a debut in Memphis in those days was a big, big thing. You gave a ball and then the country club gave a ball, and it was a real big deal. Then she became queen of one of the secret societies and that meant she was out partying every night. Then she decided to have her wedding and it was a big affair, and she just went to pieces. In about a month Charles came to me and said, "Mr. Hale, I'm getting ready to go overseas. I'm going to be stationed in Germany. I don't know if I'm taking my wife or going by myself."

I said, "Well, Charles, let's go see." So he and I got in the car and went over to Ann's house.

"Ann," I said, "Charles is getting ready to go overseas, and he wants to know whether he has a wife or not to take over there."

"I married him. Of course I'm going with him." She went with him, and they had two or three children and lived happily ever after. So you never know.

The Confederacy

There was a little church (I think it's gone now) called St. Lazarus. It was down in what was a mill section, and lumber yards had grown up around it. But it was founded by Confederate officers that lived in Memphis. They founded this little Episcopal Church, and they gave membership to Jefferson Davis out of courtesy. Well they built this little church called St. Lazarus, and they called it St. Lazarus, they said to everyone, because the dogs came and licked his wounds. They couldn't get over the war. That was when the War between the States was still close to people. I remember very well General Desasart, a confederate officer, was buried from the church using the Confederate flag. His daughter, Mrs. Jett, founded the Lausanne School, which is a very fine school in Memphis today. My sister, Virginia, went to her school as did her daughter.

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Speaking of the Confederacy, my brother Edward was involved in celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh. He got permission from the Bishop of Mississippi to use the Confederate prayer book. He had copies reprinted and sent me one. They brought in all these cannons to re-enact the battle and used dummy ammunition. You could hear the cannons twenty miles away. It must have been a terrible, terrible battle.

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Memphis has a statue of General Nathan Bedford Forrest. You drive down Union Avenue and here's this great statue of General Forrest on horseback. He's facing south and some say he's running from the Yankees but others say no, he's guarding his beloved South. He and his wife are buried there on Union Avenue. How long he will stay there, who knows. The black people control the politics now in Memphis and who knows how long they're going to put up with General Forrest, the founder of the Ku Klux Klan.

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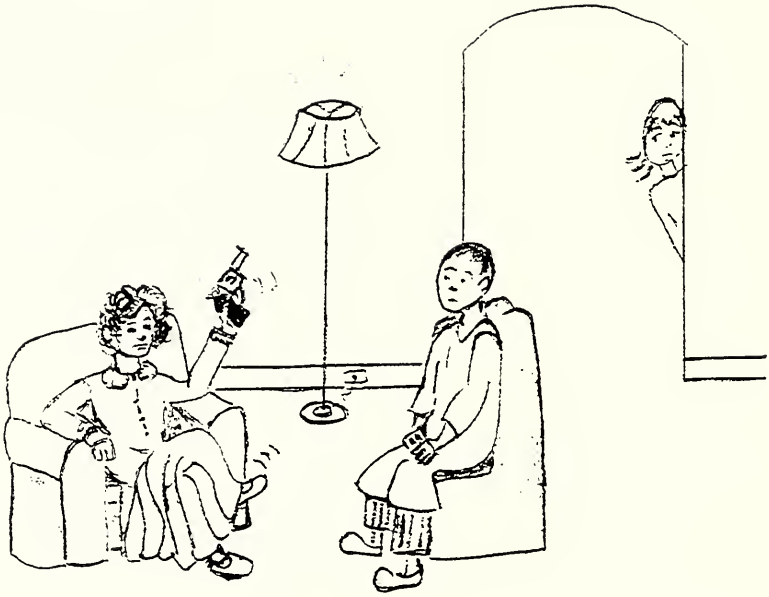
In November of 1995 there was a picture of a Confederate officer being memorialized in the obituary column of the Raleigh News and Observer. He died in 1865. The war isn't over.

Names

You often wonder where churches get their names. Well, my brother Edward is a priest and, of course, I am. Edward in the Diocese of Mississippi organized this little mission and named it in my honor. It's called St. George on the Lake. And in return, I organized a little church in Memphis and named it St. Edward's. St. Edward's was later assimilated into Trinity. But for a while there was a church in Memphis called St. Edward's. And all the big wheels in the church thought it was named for St. Edward, the Martyr, or some such. The church named for me is still in existence down in Mississippi.

Night Visitor



Did I tell you the story of the woman who came to see me early one morning and said she was going to kill herself? Well, that was in Memphis. It was around two o'clock in the morning and we kept hearing the door bell ring . . . door bell ring. So I got up and went downstairs and there was a young woman, oh I'd say about twenty-five or thirty years old . . . in her nightgown and she had a gun. I'd never seen her before in my life. She introduced herself and said I'm whoever she was, and I live two blocks down round the corner on Peabody.

"I'm going to kill myself," she announced.

"Why? What can I do?" I asked.

"Well, I want to talk to you before I kill myself."

"Well, come in." And she came in and sat down, and she talked for a good hour. Carolyn woke up and heard the talking downstairs, came down

and peeped around the corner. And here was this woman in her nightgown with this gun.

"Carolyn," I said, "go on back to bed; we'll be through in a minute." And Carolyn had sense enough to go back up stairs.

I turned to the woman and said, "Well, go ahead and kill yourself. I'm going to bed, and you can kill yourself, but don't do it here in this living room. Go outside and do it on the grass because I don't want blood on my rugs."

And she started laughing, and that broke all the tension. Then she bid me good night and went home. It was risky, but I was getting tired, and it worked out all right.

Hemingway

Everyone admires Ernest Hemingway except George Hale. I have no use for him because it seemed to me he should have come to his mother's funeral. She died on the county farm in Shelby County, Tennessee, which was a very nice poor farm, really. Nice buildings and beautiful grounds, good food raised right there on the farm for poor people. They even had a clinic out there. That's where she ended up. I used to go out there and have services for the people. It was a real nice facility, but it was still what it was. That's the first time I ever heard anybody when I was preaching say, "Quote the Scripture." Most of the people I preached to out there were black people. That's probably their tradition. They'd sing out, "Quote the Scripture, brother. Quote the Scripture." I didn't know what the Scripture was the first time. The next time I went out I made real sure I quoted the Scripture. "This is from St. Luke, the fifteenth chapter, where he's talking about so-and-so." Well anyway, Mrs. Hemingway died and I had her funeral. Her son Ernest did not come to the funeral. That really surprised me.

His sister lived in Memphis. She was one of the great harpists in America and had a very fine instrument. Now she and her husband didn't have much money. He was a struggling young lawyer. When she became pregnant, she asked Ernest for some money to see her through the birth of her child, and he refused her request. I think she only had the one child and she named him Ernest, which surprised me. So she sold her harp and never played again. And years later when she didn't need any help . . . she was economically well off . . . he sent her some money. She took the money and made a bathroom on the first floor of the house with it. She put a sign in there: Facilities in this room furnished by Ernest Hemingway.

Sig

This story is about my Aunt Mary, my Dad's sister. She had a very unusual historical role to play. She fell in love with Sigfried von Weyer, and Sigfried, or Sig, as we called him, worked for Hearst. You have to remember this was before World War I, the 1913 -1914 period. Sig worked for Hearst newspapers as the international news editor. All the international news was first handed to Sig . . . came across Sig's desk, and he would edit it and decide what would be used in the Hearst papers. Sig's father was a German admiral. His brother was in the German secret service, whatever name they used, and Sig was a German citizen. When the United States went to war with Germany, Sig was arrested and put in jail as a German citizen. He only stayed there twenty-four hours. Mr. Hearst got him out, showing his power, and put him back in his international news center of the Hearst newspapers.

Sig's father was the commanding officer of the Kaiser's yacht when the declaration of war was tossed aboard to the Kaiser. Austria had decided to make war on Serbia. That naval officer and his son were sent to Russia in a sealed railroad car to see if they could encourage the Russian Revolution to see if they could take the pressure off the Germans on the eastern front. No one knows what happened to them. They disappeared. Evidently they were thought to be spies and were executed.

After the war the Kaiserin died and Kaiser William wanted to marry this German princess. Sigfried didn't know what was going on and became fascinated with this very princess. Well, he decided to call on her, and he did it . . . he was one of the few civilians who could fly an airplane, and he crashed his plane right at the entrance to the palace of this German princess. Of course, everybody came running out to see what was going on.

He was a good enough pilot. He didn't crash the plane to destroy it, but just enough to look like he was in trouble, but he broke his leg. They came out and got him out of the plane and took him in. They saw to him and he stayed there at the palace recuperating for quite a while. And that was it.

Later Sig married Mary, my father's sister, and he died and it got down to be 1938. There were two people that the newspaper crowd wanted to

know what they thought about the coming war. In these years people knew that there was trouble ahead. In '39 Mary went to Mr. Hearst and said, "Mr. Hearst, I can get the story of what the Kaiser thinks about the coming war." The other person was Lloyd George of England and that was no problem. He liked to talk. But the Kaiser had never given an interview to the newspapers. That was just something he didn't do.

"I can get the Kaiser to talk about world affairs," Mary said.

"Mary," Mr. Hearst said, "you can't do that. The greatest newspaper people in the world have tried to talk to the Kaiser with no luck."

"I can get the story," Mary insisted.

"All right," Mr. Hearst said, "I'll pay all your expenses. You go to Holland," (where the Kaiser was living) "and you get the story."

So Mary went over, and sure enough she was graciously received by the Kaiser and the Kaiserin, and she got her story. On her way back to America the war broke out. She, of course, published her story. Later she came to visit us in Memphis, and my father asked, "Mary, how in the devil did you get the story when no one else could? "

"Charles," she said, "I have the love letters the Kaiserin wrote to Sigfried."

"You just blackmailed her, didn't you?" Dad said.

"You could say that," Mary answered.

Father's Death

My father died in 1955 after being rector of Grace-St. Luke's Church (originally of St. Luke's) for twenty-five years. That's a pretty long time for a rector to stay at one church. It had always been his hope that he would be buried under old St. Luke's altar which had been placed in the chapel of Grace Church. Grace Church brought its altar out and put it in the main body of the church when the two churches combined, and Dad wanted to be buried there at the church. The rectory was next door to the church. He came home for lunch and dropped dead in his home. Of course, there was quite a commotion, and in a very few hours a lot of people had gathered at the rectory. Now it was a huge house, three stories with a very large hall, and when you came down the steps from upstairs, you came to a landing that looked down into the hallway. I was told that quite a number of people, including the vestry and the wardens, had come to pay their respects and to speak to my mother and to me. Well, Mother didn't feel like talking to anybody right then, but I went down to the landing in the hallway and said to the senior warden, "Mr. Beaty, you know my father wanted to be buried in the church in the chapel."

And he seized the opportunity to say, "I never heard of such a thing, and I don't see why he should be buried there. None of the rectors previously have been buried in their church, and I just don't think that will happen."

"Well," I said, "my father told me long before he died what he wanted. He told me, 'George, I want to be buried under the altar in the chapel, under the old St. Luke's altar, and if there's any problem, then cremate me and scatter my ashes through out the whole church,' and you know, Mr. Beaty, I'll do that."

"Well," he said, " we'll certainly abide by your father's wishes, and he will be buried in the chapel."

"Thank you," I said.

Later on I was telling someone about it and they said, "Can you imagine how it would be? You're sitting there in church and put your hand up on the rail, or the windowsill, or on the back of the pew, and you get a little dust and that's Dr. Hale's dust." So it's probably just as well they buried him where they did.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH

ST. TIMOTHY'S CHURCH

St. Saviour's

When I was invited to Raleigh to meet with the vestry and wardens about becoming the first rector of St. Saviour's, I agreed to come on two conditions . . . maybe three. One was that my salary would be $400 a month, and another was at the first opportunity the old church property would be sold and a new church would be built in a growing part of town. And I think, I'm not sure, another condition was that we change the name of the parish. I did not like, and still don't like, St. Saviour's. To me it's redundant. Later we did change the name. A committee was formed to seek out a new site. One that they came up with is where the church is built now, and that land was given by Ed Richards and his asssociates. Another site that was considered was owned by John C. Williams. It was also off of Six Forks. John C. and his associates were getting ready to develop a section and thought it would be great to have a church there. But the vestry decided to accept Mr. Richard's offer of five acres on Six Forks Road on the highest ground. It's a great site, one of the highest pieces of ground in the county. Of course, Apex, as it's name implies, is higher, but that is a nice piece of high ground out there that they gave us. And the value of it is very high. A few years after we built the church, Mr. Richards offered us a half million dollars if he could have the land back. And I told him if it was a half million now, we'd wait a little while and sell it to his son for a million dollars.

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The first time I came to Raleigh, I came just to look things over before making the commitment to St. Saviour's. I had never been to Raleigh, and I came to visit. It was during Lent, and they were having Lenten services at Christ Church. You would go about 11:30 or so to church and there would be a speaker talking about the importance of Lent. Then after the service everyone would go into the dining room for lunch. And I went along. I didn't know anybody at the service. I didn't know anyone in Raleigh really. I picked up my food in the cafeteria style serving, took my tray, and sat down across from this middle-aged woman who was decked out in her furs and perfume and jewelry . . . not quite in keeping with the Lenten season . . .

but there she was. I was dressed in civilian clothes, and she did not recognize me as a priest and I didn't introduce myself. We started talking, and kindly enough, as all Southerners do, she asked me, "Where do you go to church?"

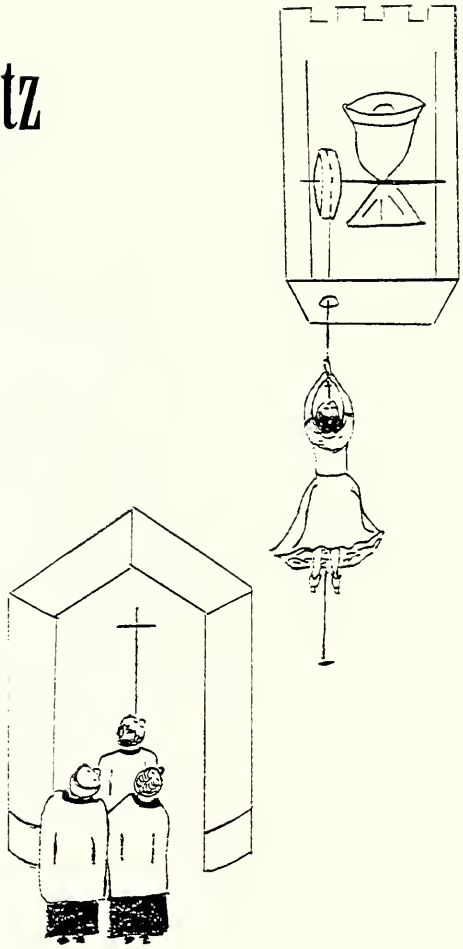
Well," I said, "I'll be at St. Saviour's Church."

"Oh, My Dear," she said, "Oh no, no. NO ONE goes to St. Saviour's."

"Madam," I said, "I'm going to be the new rector of St. Saviour's, and God and I will be at St. Saviour's next Sunday even if no one else is."

Well, she didn't say another word after that and quickly departed. (*Made another friend.*)

Margaret Lutz



Easter Day was my first service at old St. Saviour's which was later to become St. Timothy's. The church was full and the choir and acolytes and I were all standing in the little hallway under the bell. The bell was in a cradle up in the top of this little stone tower, and the bell rope came down through the ceiling. Well, the bell rope was hanging there, and we were just waiting to start the service a minute before the processional hymn. And Margaret Lutz, out of the clear blue, went over and took hold of the bell rope, pulled it down, and the bell started ringing. Then Margaret went up to the ceiling because she was in the counter balance part of it. You're supposed to play out the rope, but she didn't. She just held on and it pulled her right up to

the ceiling. And there she was. She started giggling and screaming and twirling. We could see that she had four or five petticoats on, all of different color, and they were just twirling around up there and Margaret was twirling around up there. I thought Lord, what kind of church have I gotten into? Then one of the ushers went over and took hold of the rope and pulled it down. Margaret came down and got off, and he gently let the rope go back up. So that was my introduction to Margaret Lutz and my new church, St. Saviour's.

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Will Yarborough's wife, Jeannie, and Margaret Lutz were on the altar guild together. Jeannie was very good at sewing. She made a lot of the altar hangings at St. Timothy's. Later they gave them to a chapel at the prison here in Raleigh, and Mrs. Lutz and Mrs. Yarborough were asked to look after the altar. A story came out in the newspaper that Mrs. Jeannie Yarborough and Mrs. Margaret Lutz were in charge of the hangings at Central Prison. We all enjoyed that, you know.

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I went to see Margaret a few days before she died. Margaret had always been one of my favorite people. She was about ten years older than I am. This is a guess because she never told her age. NEVER told her age. She was a real character in every way, shape, or form. She had a great love for the church. She never missed a Sunday. Then as she grew older, she quit coming almost entirely. During the time she was dying, I went to see her. She was lying on a couch. She'd lie on the couch all day. There was a television in the room, but she had gotten so she didn't even turn it on. She knew she was dying. And I went to see her, and Carolyn went with me. Carolyn being that nice person who kept saying nice, sweet things to Margaret asked her how she was feeling and all those things. Finally I had had enough of it because I knew that wasn't Margaret.

"Margaret," I said, "you're getting ready to die, and you've lived a real good life all these years. Tell me about it."

"Well," she said, "no one will ever know how much fun I had, and how much hell I raised. I really enjoyed living."

"That's great, Margaret," I said. Then she looked at me with a very faint but amused smile and said, "And I'm still running the church."

The Deed

As I said before, we got the church land from Ed Richards. Ed was real nice about it. He gave us five acres of the high ground on Six Forks. There was no Rowan Street in those days. St. Mary's ended way east of Rowan Street. Ed Richards and his partners owned that land, and they gave it to St. Timothy's, but I couldn't get the deed. Months went by, and I couldn't get the deed, and I couldn't build until I got the deed. Finally I went to Ed Richard's office and went in to see him and said, "Mr. Richards, even big operators, men of great wealth, die unexpectedly, and I don't want you to die without our having the deed." And he said, "Hale, you'll have it tomorrow." And that's the way we got the deed.

I think Ed was looking out for himself, too, with this gift because at that time there was almost nothing in that part of town. North Hills as a development was to come later. Roads hadn't been cut yet. Across the street roads were to be named after colleges . . . Yale, Princeton, and Sweetbriar. Behind the church they were to be counties, but that was in the future. So we went out there and had the first service on the property in June, and, as I remember, it was the four hundredth anniversary of the Book of Common Prayer. That was the Sunday of the ground breaking and that's when J. B. and Patty Hunt were sitting up in their yard watching us. They had a farm right across from us, and after the service I took off my cassock, and there I was in my Bermuda shorts. They thought that was so funny that they decided they'd come across the street and join that strange church.

There was a little creek at the bottom of the hill on their side that was later covered over. It was tunneled through concrete pipes, and the highway was built over it. The junior high is now on that property.

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J. B. Hunt who lived across the street from St. Timothy's had a huge stallion on his farm there. And we used to have an eight, a nine, and an eleven o'clock service. The eight and nine o'clock services were Holy Communion and the eleven o'clock was Morning Prayer. Carolyn and I

would go up there and have the services. One day we came out of church and this huge horse was there in the middle of the street right in front of the church. I said, "Carolyn, that's J.B.'s horse. We've got to get him back up to the barn up the hill there." I'm scared to death of horses. I don't like horses; horses don't like me. We just don't get along very well. Well, that went back to Memphis. I used to date a girl who lived out in the country, and she found out I was afraid of horses. I went out to get her one time to bring her into Memphis for a party and she was on horseback, and I couldn't get within twenty feet. She knew it and had a lot of fun but she finally got off the animal and got dressed for the party. Anyway Carolyn went over to this monster horse, took it by the bridle, and led it up to the Hunt's house. About that time J.B. and Patty came out. They had seen the horse was out, and they came out in the yard and watched Carolyn leading this monster horse up the hill, and I was in the automobile safely following them.

The Plaque

Today if you go into the parish house of St. Timothy's, you'll see this rather large plaque that says this building is dedicated to Edgar Haywood. His brother, Ernest, had given the St. Saviour's Parish House on Tucker Street in memory of him.. The plaque reads 1927. Well, of course, everybody knows that building wasn't built in 1927, but there's never any explanation. An outsider coming in thinks the building was built then. The story is that old St. Saviour's was built as a memorial, and when the property was sold to Ravenscroft School, the question was how to handle the memorial. You just can't destroy a memorial. Will Yarborough, who was a lawyer, said, "I'll ask my cousin, Judge Bicket, to handle the problem in chambers and it won't be made public so there won't be any controversy that the News and Observer will get hold of." And sure enough Judge Bicket ruled the property could be sold, but any money made on the sale would have to be used for a new memorial. So what we did was to take the plaque from the old church and place it in the new parish house with a rededication. So that's the explanation of the plaque.

Name Change

The way St. Saviour's became St. Timothy's is interesting. There was a dentist, Dr. Ed Perry, whose family always went to St. Saviour's. Dr. Perry married a Methodist, and they couldn't decide whether to go to the Methodist Church or to the Episcopal Church. So they agreed if the first child was a boy, they'd go to the Episcopal Church, and if the child was a girl, they'd go to the Methodist Church. Which ever way it was. Anyway the child was born and the Methodist lady won, and so Dr. Perry left St. Timothy's based on the sex of his child. It had nothing to do with religious belief at all, and he went up to St. Marks Church down the street from St. Timothy's. His mother, Nannie Perry, was the one who suggested the name change from St. Saviour's to St. Timothy's.

The reason behind the name change was that the parishioners had been rather rudely treated by Christ Church. St. Saviour's was a mill mission when there were lumber mills in that part of town. Initially the members of St. Saviour's were people that were mostly working class, and they were treated that way by Christ Church long after that old mill crowd died out and the younger group had come in. For example, they were invited to go to Christ Church for Christmas Eve services, and were given tickets, but the tickets were for the balcony. They could not sit with the gentry downstairs. There was resentment that they were treated as second class citizens.

As another example of this attitude, Mrs. Pollard and some of her friends ran a kitchen for Ravenscroft School. The school was at the church. I remember I hadn't been there very long, and I was talking to them one day.

"Well," I said, "do you make a profit? Is it really worth doing this?"

Mrs. Pollard said, "If they paid, it would be all right; for example, they never pay for their milk. We buy milk with the idea of selling it to them, but the children don't have money for one reason or another, so they run up these bills, and they never pay them."

"Well, Mrs. Pollard, it's easy enough to bring that to an end. I'll just say they're not to get their report cards until their bills are paid, and I'll tell the

head of the school that's the way it should be. After all, these people are in our building."

"Oh no, don't do that. This would offend some of the finest families in Raleigh."

Now that's like the old business of the English gentry not paying their tailor. The tailor should be happy that they came in and bought something from them. Whether it gets paid for or not is immaterial. The important thing was having them in the shop. So these ladies prepared food for these children of the wealthy people of Raleigh. Aren't they lucky they can do that? That was their attitude.

Now Mrs. Perry and the older group of parishioners (about the name change of St. Saviour's) said, "Well, let's start over." And amazingly enough the older people are the one's that wanted the young St. Timothy name, St. Timothy, the young companion to St. Paul. It was the older people in their sixties and seventies who chose him rather than St. Paul or St. Peter. I suggested All Saints which I thought would cover a multitude of sins and take care of it.

Cemetery

In these early days Six Forks was a two lane road, and when it was widened, we lost quite a bit of the front of the church property. On top of that they wanted us to give up the entrance and exit on Six Forks and to come in on Rowan Street. And I just raised Sam Hell. I said, "Look! Come on! It's bad enough to take all that frontage!" They had cut it off almost perpendicularly . . . like a cliff drop. The city council came out and took a look at it, and said, "We've got to give them back their driveway." And they did. Now that's when I found out that you have to be 53 feet from the highway to have a grave. That's how they determine that. The people who determine who's going to be buried in town are in the Highway Department and the Utility Department. You can't be buried within 53 feet of the highway or very near running water . . . don't want to contaminate the water. So that's how a burial plot is determined at St. Timothy's.

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St. Timothy's doesn't have a graveyard but ashes of the dead are scattered in the garden. This custom came about after a conversation with Ann and Bill Pugh. They came to see me about religious questions . . . resurrection and what kind of body we would have. What Christianity taught about that, and life after death, Paradise, heaven and hell and so forth. Bill had called me and said he had some questions he wanted to go over.

"Well," I said, "you and Ann come over to the church office at eleven, and we'll sit down and talk about these things." So I met them in the church, and I believe it was a Saturday morning. We were in the church building and we came down by the altar and down the steps that led to the parish house. We went passed the windows of clear glass and looked out at the real pretty garden there.

"I'd like to be buried there," Bill said.

"Well, who knows." I said. "Maybe we can arrange that." We went along and talked a while and he left and seemed to be satisfied with what we

talked about. That afternoon he died. Of course, none of us had any idea that he would die that quickly, and that his wish would be granted because he was cremated and his ashes were scattered in the garden there. He was the first person whose ashes were placed on our grounds. Then we started putting plaques on the Gospel wall of the church in memory of those parishioners whose ashes are in the garden. Outside on the church wall we put the plaque about walking softly in the garden because ashes of the dead rest there. It all went back to that one occasion. You just never know. That morning he said, "I'd like to be buried there,"and that afternoon he died.

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And in those days Charlie Caldwell had a farm house right there where the fire station is now. There was a big hill where the extension of North Hills is now, where Winn-Dixie and all those stores and the post office are, and Charlie lived up on top of it on all that land. Mr. Richards and his associates bought the house for fifty thousand dollars. I know it was fifty thousand for Mr. Caldwell showed me the check. He took the fifty thousand and went down on Six Forks and bought land down there that became very valuable. So he was doing all right.

One morning Mr. Richards called me over and said he had an idea. So I went to see him.

"I bought the Caldwell place," he said.

"Yes, I know. I saw the check." I said.

"Do you know it's got twelve graves up there on that hill? How many graves do you think we could get into that acreage?"

And we sat there with pencil and paper and figured out how long and how wide each grave was, and he was going into the cemetery business. He was going to give it to St. Timothy's, and there was to be a bridge . . . a little walkway bridge built from St. Timothy's parking area over to the hillside where the cemetery was going to be. I said, "That's fine. The church ought to have a cemetery, and that's what we'll do."

In a few days he called me back and said the plans were changed. "We're going to move the graves, and we're going to take all that hill and build a mall over there."

The hill was cut down to that flat surface you see there now, and all that dirt was taken down to where the mall was built. They carried dirt

down there in those huge dirt moving machines for days and days and days. They even worked nights moving all the dirt. It was taken down to what is now the east end of North Hills Mall, and they stacked it in there where they built the mall.

Then they built a fire station an the property, and Rowan Street was cut. We really should have acquired the property on both sides of the church, but we didn't have any money, and so we lost out on that. Years later Mr. Richards and a group of his "yes men" were coming down Rowan Street. He had a lot of "yes men." He could say, "It's snowing out there," and they'd say, "It sure is," and the sun would be shining. I was standing out directing traffic for the children to leave school.

They parked their car right in the middle of the street, and when all the children were gone, Mr. Richards called out, "Hale, why in the hell don't you clean up your property? It's a disgrace, and it's ruining my plans out here. It's embarrassing."

"My property's clean, Mr. Richards. What are you talking about?"

"Well look over there!" and he pointed over to the far side of the property where the gymnasium is now, and it was full of rubbish and stuff.

"Mr. Richards," I said, "that's not mine; that's yours."

"What do you mean it's mine? I have no way to get in there. The church owns the front and a house has been built on the back side."

"Well," I said, "give it to us." So he did. We got that piece of land and built the gym on it. It's just one of those things that happened to work out real well for us. Right time and right place, and you have to ask for it. You don't get it if you don't ask. I have a painting in the hall of my home of the Visit of the Magi. I saw it in a book and wrote the artist and said I'd like to buy that painting. He wrote me back, and said it would cost so much. I wrote back and said I couldn't afford it but thanked him. About a year or year and a half later I got a telegram saying that Nicholas Brewer had died and willed me his painting. It's just one of those things that worked out that way.

Rubble Brick

For some reason or other I just didn't get along well with bishops. I don't know what it was; I just had a hard time with bishops. I remember Bishop Frazier at a convention asking for a parish to host the convention for the next year. And I stood up right in front of him --- right in the middle of the floor --- and raised my hand and said "Bishop!" and he ignored me, and this went on for a long time. Finally he said, "Hale, what do you want?" "Well," I said, "we'll be glad to host the convention." He said, "I don't think that's a true offer. I'm going to ignore that." And he did, and that was the end of our relationship there.

Bishop Penick and I did get along very well. Unfortunately he retired shortly after I came to Raleigh. We were discussing building the church, and Steve Walk who was the rector of Christ Church, for some reason, came to the meeting where the Bishop and I were looking at the plans for the church. He just invited himself in, and we were talking about the building material.

We didn't want to build it out of wood, and stone was way beyond what we could afford. So I suggested that we build it out of rubble brick. Now rubble brick is called rubble because that's exactly what it is. In the old days they couldn't control the fire when they made brick, and one brick would burn into another and cause a burr, and it was just thrown out in a pit, and this became rubble. And I had built a church in White Haven, Tennessee, out of rubble brick. St. Timothy's is textured with it because it looks like stone in a way because it is rough, and it just looks stronger than regular brick. And so I said, "Let's build it out of rubble brick." Steve Walk hit the ceiling.

"Oh that won't work and it's ugly." and so forth.

"Have you ever built a building out of it?" I asked.

"No."

"Well, I have, and furthermore I don't know why you are in this meeting? You are the Rector of Christ Church and I'm the Rector of St. Saviour's."

And he turned to bishop and said, "That's the problem, Bishop. These people just don't know what they're doing, and they need some leadership and guidance."

"I'm the leader and I'm the guide," I said, "and, Bishop, I think this meeting should just close." And he agreed and that was it.

Now the brick mason hates rubble brick because he has to pick up each brick one at a time because if he lays it incorrectly, he's going to cut his hand because the burr is there, and it's sharp as a razor. So it takes a long time to build with them, but you do get a definite shadow effect. The church and parish house are built of this brick. The inside wall in the parish house was built of this brick and lots of the burrs had to be knocked off because people kept scratching themselves on them. But the outside is that way, and some of those bricks are double. Now days you can't buy it because they know how to make brick without the burrs of rubble brick.

Making Friends

There was This Fellow (T.F.) and he wanted to be a bishop so badly it was pitiful. It got to be just a joke. In every diocese that was getting ready to elect a bishop T.F. would show up. He just desperately wanted to be a bishop. He was a big name dropper. A BIG NAME DROPPER and he loved to tell about all the important people he had had breakfast with or met on the plane. He couldn't talk to you without dropping a name. I was at a meeting one time and in those days Tom Smythe was thought to be the heir apparent of Bishop Penick. Tom Smythe served on every committee you could think of. I remember at a meeting Tom was bewailing the fact that so many of the clergy didn't take part in cleric life. And I said, "Tom, how many committees are you on?"

And he said "Sixteen."

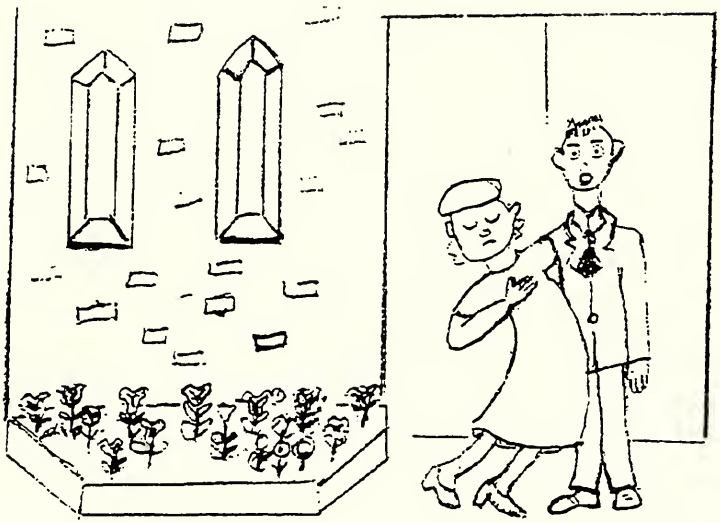
Then I said, "Well, if you gave up ten of them, ten of us could be on a committee. (*You made another friend, didn't you?*)

Well, anyway, Tom was going to be the new bishop. It turned out that he was sick, and he died a few years after Bishop Frazier was elected. So I was at a clergy meeting one time. T. F. was standing with a group of men.

"You all know Tom Smythe," he was saying. "He's been a delegate many times to General Convention. He was a delegate to the Anglican Congress. He's probably going to be the next Bishop of North Carolina. He and I are just as thick as thieves. I was in his wedding."

"The hell you were," I said. "I was Tom's best man and you weren't in the wedding." (*And you made another friend*)

Red Petunias
or Why People Leave the Church



You know, you never know about people. How they feel, what they do, why they do it, why people leave a certain parish and go to another parish. I've had several really ridiculous stories about thing like that. For example, a former senior warden and his wife were walking around the church yard one time, and they saw all these red petunias. Now as you know, St. Timothy's is made of burnt brick, and oh! they just threw a fit and came to me in a rage. "How can you plant red petunias against a red brick wall?" They had just reached the end of their rope and they were leaving. And they did. They went to another parish.

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And then there was the gentleman I was giving communion to. He put his hands up in the proper fashion, and I took a piece of bread and made the sign of the cross and put the wafer in his palms, and he looked up at me like I'd done something terrible. I didn't know what it was. After church he came around and said he was leaving . . . said that he resented the fact that I made the sign of the cross with the wafer. And he went to another parish. You never know. You think you're doing a good thing and it turns out that it's really bad.

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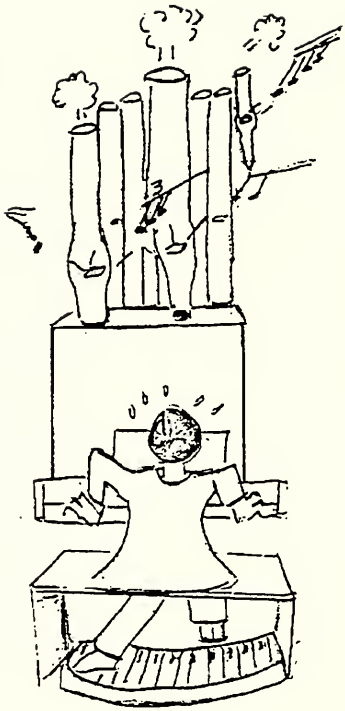
Another example, several times folks have called me at night and asked me to come over to see if I can't settle an argument that's gotten a little out of hand. I'll arrive at the house say about two o'clock in the morning, and it's very obvious, the children are up and looking scared, that mother and father are out of sorts. I'll start talking to them and get them calmed down. Then I'll find out what the problem is and kind of smooth it out and help them agree that it wasn't really important. We'll get the children back in bed, and I'll say good night to the parents. And that's the last I'll see of them. They'll go to another parish because they're embarrassed to see me again under normal circumstances. They're just too embarrassed to come back to church.

Repent

The most terrifying thing that ever happened . . . well it was just strange and different. It was in Advent and the text was "repent you for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Well I went into the pulpit, and said, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." At that very second --- it could not have been staged any better --- at that very second all of the lights in the church went out, and it was dark, and a bolt of lightning, I guess you'd call it, went from the altar all the way down to the other end of the church, and there was this tremendous noise! I said, "Well, I can't improve on that. Repent!" That was the end of the sermon. I didn't have anything else to say but REPENT. The congregation was as scared as I was. What had happened was a squirrel had gotten into the transformer on the electrical power line and shorted out the electrical power system, and when it did, it electrocuted the squirrel and made a tremendous noise . . . just like a bomb. But the timing couldn't have been better.

Golden Harps



One day I was outside watching them build the addition to the building, and Bill Williams came by.

"I'd like to be the organist at this church," he said.

And we talked, and I said, "All right. That'll be fine. Go on and be the organist."

"I'm going to give you the best choir in Raleigh. We'll have the best music, and you won't have to worry about it. I really know what I'm doing."

That was Bill's attitude then and it's still his attitude. Right on the ball. If he says its right, that's it. He has a terrific voice. Even after all these years, it's still a very fine voice. He knows music! We were just real fortunate

to have him come. He hated then, and still hates as far as I know, what he calls Victorian music. And anything written in the last hundred and fifty years has no value so far as he's concerned . . . in church music, that is. That would be back before Queen Victoria before you get any musical quality. And his pet hatred was "Golden Harps are Sounding." Well, unfortunately there aren't many hymns for the congregation to sing for the ascension period except "Golden Harps are Sounding." And it's the only one that makes any sense about arising and going up into heaven and all of that. Well, Bill was totally opposed to it. Every Ascension time I would say that we would sing "Golden Harps are Sounding." Well he finally had enough of it, and it was the sermon hymn. I announced the sermon hymn was "Golden Harps are Sounding" and we stood and sang. Now pretend it takes five minutes to sing a verse of it, whatever. He did it in one and RACED through it. It was awful! And I said, "All right, Mr. Williams, now you've had your fun. We'll now sing this as you're supposed to." So we sang it over again. "Jesus has ascended, Glory to our King. Golden Harps are sounding, sounding for the King." Oh well, as I say, since I've left St. Timothy's, I'm sure they don't sing it.

BAB: *Bill Williams remembers repeating "Golden Harps" the next Sunday.*

George Hale: Bill, you only celebrate the Feast of Ascension once in a year. You wouldn't play an Ascension hymn except on that one day.

Debro (Devereux?)

Debro was the only man I ever saw catch a rabbit. He CAUGHT a rabbit. Debro walked up from Garner. It's possible that Debro's name was Devereux, but I don't know that. All we could understand sounded like Debro. But Debro walked up the highway from Garner with his gunny sack. He cut trees, trimmed and planted flowers, all that kind of thing at the church and school. I looked out the window and between Carolyn's kindergarten room and the French room now (they jut out like a big u) and there was a rabbit up next to the window. Debro had arms like a gorilla, and he started hunting that rabbit down with his hands outstretched, way out there. And he'd go to the right and then to the left pushing that rabbit back against the building, and he caught it. He put it in his gunny sack, took it home and ate it.

He stayed up at the church one winter day, and I came to church about 7:30 and the odor was absolutely horrible! It was gagging! It got stronger and stronger as you went toward the kitchen. I went in the kitchen and Debro was cooking a possum, and it was gagging. Of, course, there wasn't much you could do about it. By now services were getting ready to start. We got through it but it was hard. He stayed in the basement of the parish house, and I went over and there's a big return air vent under the electric clock and I yelled down, "Debro, get up here!" He said, "I'm just cooking possum." And I said, "Don't you ever do that again!" That's what happened to the animals around there.

Memorials

One of the most depressing and saddest memorials that have ever seen is at the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee. I think it's the Bishop Otey Memorial Chapel up there, and you go in and there's a plaque in memory of two men who were killed in World War I on November the eleventh. And I always thought what a terrible waste of life. Why didn't they just say the war's over NOW instead of you can keep killing until the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month. It's all right to kill up to that point. These two men were killed on that day, and what did it accomplish? On either side what did it accomplish? Just a complete waste of life.

The Armed Service Memorial of St. Timothy's. We decided to have a memorial in honor of the men and women who had served in the armed forces of our country. Well it got kind of silly. Well, that depends on how you look at it. They were going back to World War I and then were going to include all the men who were in the service and never saw action of any kind. One of the marines who had seen a lot of action took his name off the list when one boy's name was put on. He said, "He hasn't been in the army. Why is his name up there? These are people who fought, and Kirkoffer has died, and then you put this boy's name up there. Where are you going to stop this?"

Well . . . there was a committee and the committee didn't want to make anybody unhappy, so they put them all up there. But the Kirkoffer window was given by his mother and father. He was in Korea and he was taken prisoner and was starved to death in prison. For a long time they didn't even know what had happened. They finally found out he had died in prison of starvation, so they put the memorial window there. The memorial is the Crucifixion of Christ. There's the Cross, and Christ is on the Cross, and then you look in the little window above and there's the American flag. My daughter, Marcia, pointed out that the flag staff went into the Cross and she thought that was a little too much. So I took black paint and painted out the flag staff. If you look at it closely enough, you can see this. It was to get the flag staff out of the cross.

The calling of the Apostles. Bob Drake has a brother who is a priest and I think his name is John. Anyway Bob is now a member of the Good Shepherd, but at one time he was at St. Timothy's. Everybody in Raleigh at one time or another was at St. Timothy's, St. Saviour's, or St. Timothy's School. They come and go, but it's kind of like in Russia; you scratch a Russian and find a Tartar. Well in old Raleigh you scratch an old Raleigh person, and you find a St. Timothy's or St. Saviour's connection. If we had them all in one place that had ever been there, it would be tremendous. I had a big argument about the Drake brothers' window, The Apostles, Andrew and Peter. I argued there should not be halos on Andrew and Peter's heads. This was the calling and you don't put the halo on until they had really done something. And right now sitting here I can't tell you if I won the battle. But I should have. Anyway the Drakes gave that window, I think in memory of their parents.

Also the window craftsmen put the face of Christ in and it was awful. It was just funny looking, and I said, "You're going to have to do this again." This window was made locally. It's the only one made locally, and if you look at it carefully, you can tell it's not the same quality that the others are. Well they came in and cut the face out and made another one and put it back in on the head of Christ.

Now the other windows were made by Payne Speirs, except for the more recent ones. They went out of business and another company bought all their stock, their glass, and all their designs and continued making the windows. I think they're even out of business now. It's hard to get good stained glass in this country, but St. Timothy's has been fortunate in that respect.

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The fox window. They started sending the space ships up, and we used to put television sets in the lunch room and invite all the children in the school to come. We took the chairs out and they sat on the floor. We had plenty of television sets scattered around so they could watch the big ships go up. Well, we were watching and a little girl screamed, "There's a fox!" Everybody turned and looked and sure enough out on the playground was a fox, and no one looked at the rocket ship anymore. What's a rocket ship? It's just a piece of machinery going up in the sky, but there was a real live red fox out there on our playground. There he was. He stayed around for a few days and then was killed down on Rowan Street later on.

Well anyway, let me go back to the story about the fox window. And so one of my students years later said, "Father Hale, I remember the fox at St. Timothy's." This young man was down in Houston and was back home for a visit. And he said, "I remember the fox. You ought to make a window out of that." So we raised the money for the stained glass window. It shows the boy and girl in uniform and the rocket overhead, and the fox is what they're looking at.

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The animal window. All of my dogs are in this window. There's Storm, a huge black lab, and my two spaniels, Chaucer and Boswell. Then there are woodpeckers, possum, butterflies, coons and rabbits, just everything we used to see around the school. It's the only window given in my honor. Storm is also in the Clement window in the Narthex. We thought that city children didn't know about lambs but did about dogs; so Storm's in that window, too.

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After my father died and I left Memphis, the new rector came in and re-did a great deal of the church and parish house. Years later they found a piece of glass in a storage room and no one knew anything about it, of course. It was the window of Jesus knocking at the door. The new rector didn't like it and had it taken out, and it just disappeared. They found it a couple of years ago. It's Tiffany glass and it's worth, I don't know, about $150,000, and they didn't know what they had. Well they took this piece and put it in the school; so Grace-St. Luke's School building has this Tiffany glass in it, and the glass is worth more than the building they've got it in.

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I noticed something down at the Good Shepherd the other day. Carolyn and I went to Service down there. We got there early and I was just looking around and noticed a tricky way of getting windows. I forget the name, but it doesn't matter. Let's just say it was "In loving Memory of Mary Elizabeth Jones wife of Henry H. Jones." So he's got them both covered in the window.

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I played a little trick on Carolyn. I had a stained glass window made in her honor, and I placed it in the middle aisle as you leave church. As you exit church by the middle aisle, you'll see a window which is the story of the circumcision. Jesus was presented at the temple, and there was the old Jewish priest who did the circumcision. St. Anna, was there, the Virgin Mary, and Joseph. And Joseph and Mary's offering was the turtle doves. So you see a cage of doves there that Joseph has. That's a very nice little window.

Carolyn had no idea it was being installed so I called her into the church and said, "Carolyn, I want to show you something." She walked down the aisle down from the Chancel steps. She approached the window and said, "Oh, that's real nice. I like that window."

"Well," I said, "It has St. Anna there with the other people, and that's your name. Look at it closely, Carolyn."

"I see the doves in the cage."

"Look CLOSELY, Carolyn." and she looked closely and up at the top it says that this window is given in honor of Carolyn Ann Sharp Hale. That really floored her. She had no idea in the world that she would have a window in the church.

St. Timothy's School

I didn't have an office. Oh, for years and years and years at the church and school the office was where I was. If you wanted anything done, talk to me, and we'll get things done. I did have a desk one time out in the parish hall in what was the lunchroom, but that was just wide open to anybody and everybody. I didn't have much privacy. I couldn't go in anywhere and shut a door for there wasn't anywhere to go. We used every inch of the building. But I did find a little hallway on the Epistle side of the church as you go out to the parking lot. In those days there was a door after you left the altar rail that opened down a couple of steps to this hallway. Now on your left would be the Sacristy and on your right would be a way out into the Nave of the church. But if you shut all the doors, it made a nice little place to lie down, and so I was lying down there just stretched out on the floor, relaxing. Now a Mrs. Moore, one of the young teachers, who I guess had a vivid imagination, cut through there to go to her car when school was out, and there I was. Well, she thought I was dead. She screamed, you know, and she screamed so loud that people came running just to see what had happened. So I didn't use that to lie down in anymore after that.

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In the balcony of the church there is a window that honors Eddy Gill and Pearl Ham. Well, I have a little story about Ed Gill and it's one of those stories that's a lesson in humility. Being the rector of the church and the headmaster of the school, and the founder of the school, I thought of myself as a very important person to that school and church. One time in one of the kindergarten groups the teacher said to the children, 'Who's the most important person on the campus? Who's the most important person here at school?" And Ed Robert's little boy spoke up and said, "Mr. Gill is." (Mr. Gill being the janitor). And the teacher said, "Well, why do you say Mr. Gill is the most important person at the school?" And he said, "Well all day long on the announcement thing (whatever the child called it) we hear, 'Mr. Gill, come to the office; Mr. Gill, go to the lunchroom; Mr. Gill, we want you on the playground.' So Mr. Gill must be the most important person here."

Pearl worked for the school for about twenty-five to thirty years. She was there for a long, long time and was just a delightful person. She was asked one time by Mrs. Hunt, "Pearl, every day I see you taking a tray with coffee and cream and sugar down to this new teacher, Mrs. Byrd. Now Mrs. Byrd, Pearl, has only been here this year, and I've been here for years, and I've known you for years, and we've been good friends for years, but you never bring me coffee." Pearl said, "Ask and ye shall receive."

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A little story about Beth Cain. When we started the school, Carolyn had her class room in what is now the Woman's Auxiliary room or the church parlor. It is one of the arms which would make a great U, and all the way around on the other side is the other arm which would complete the U design of the parish house.

Carolyn had the five year old kindergarten and someone else had the four year old children. And the first week of school Carolyn realized a mistake had been made. Beth Cain should be in the five year old group and they had her in the four year old group.

And Beth was red-headed, and keyed-up and very excited about everything, and of course she was older than all the other children in her room, and she was constantly being called down and told to behave herself and whatever. The younger children just didn't understand about Beth. So I went in to the four year old group and said, "I need Beth Cain. Beth, you come with me." I took Beth by the hand and we walked out of that room. Those children never saw her again because their room was completely separated from everybody else and they had their own play period. They never saw her again. So they grew up thinking if you didn't behave yourself, Father Hale would get you and you'd disappear.

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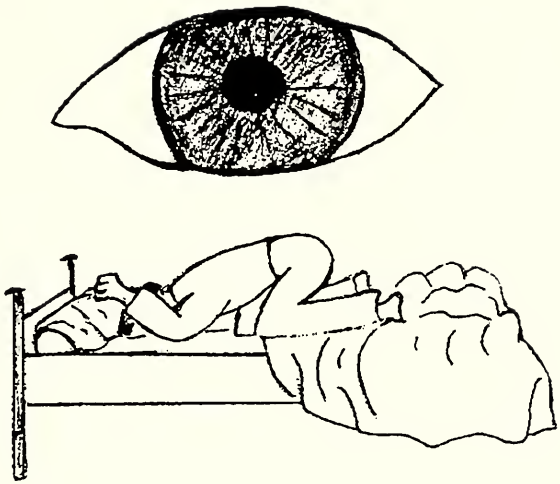
In the very early days of the school of St. Timothy's I had no office, and the place where the church offices are now was a breezeway that connected the church with the parish house. And originally that was just to be an open connection there to keep you out of the weather with no windows or anything. But windows were put in and you had this pretty good sized space there, a hallway. So we put the sixth grade up there. Now the only problem we had there was that the sixth grade had no place to go to the bathroom

except across the church, across the front of the altar to the Sacristy where there was, and is today, a bathroom. One time I ran into a girl years later after she had been to St. Timothy's. She said to me, "Father Hale, I'll always remember being a sixth grader because the sixth grade was the only grade where you had to genuflect when you went to the bathroom." Well that no longer happens because those days are gone, and the sixth grade is now down at Hale High School.

The Eye of God



At the school not only did the sixth graders have to genuflect on the way to and from the bathroom, but we had set a rule that teachers were not to teach religion in the classroom. They would expect good moral conduct and everything, but we didn't get involved in trying to describe God. Yet we had one woman who took it on herself to try to discipline her class by teaching those little third graders that the Eye of God was upon them; that God was watching them and knew everything they were up to. There were no secrets from God. And we had a little boy that started having nightmares because he'd wake up at night crying and screaming to his parents that the eye of God was there and looking right down on him and this kind of thing. We traced it back to the fact that his teacher was teaching him this kind of foolishness and scaring the daylights out of him.

The Bible

There was a woman across from St. Timothy's who ran a Bible class. She took it upon herself that she could teach Bible, and she didn't know any more about the Bible than anyone else but she thought she was an authority. And she would lure children over there at Eastgate into her house with candy and fruits and little prizes to her Bible class. There were about eight children at St. Timothy's, little first grade children living in the Eastgate area, who started talking about their hearts were black with sin, and they couldn't do that because it was sinful. And if they did bad things, they were all going to hell . . . this ridiculous kind of stuff. So I lined them up one time and I said, "Tell me what sin is." Well none of them knew what sin was, so I said, "How can you be a sinner if you don't know what sin is? What is sin? Why are you worried about your heart being black with sin when you don't know what sin is? Now forget all this foolishness." And we sent a note home to the parents that we thought it would be better if the children were taught religion at church or synagogue where someone in authority could handle the thing.

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Have you ever noticed that most of those Bible class people, highly educated as they are, lawyers, and surgeons, and other educated people who go to those things, invariably get trapped up in the Old Testament fear, and blood, and that kind of thing? There's very little love of God, or that Christ died for you and this kind of thing, but it's all hell-fire and damnation. It's negative really. The Old Testament has some great, gory stories. Take the Old Testament literally when the Jews conquered Jericho. They were told to kill every man, woman, and child in Jericho. And it tells they bashed the babies brains out against the wall. How you can equate that with the teachings of Christ . . . it's impossible! Truly you can't do it. I could live for ever and a day if the Old Testament would just disappear. I'm not bound to the Old Testament. I'm a New Testament person. This is what Christ came to bring . . . The New Testament.

BAB : *Yet couldn't we look on the Old Testament as a study of the culture Jesus was born into? . . . The chosen people of God awaiting the Messiah and such. We see the lineage of the Jewish nations, their heroes and kings, which gives us a cultural understanding of Jesus' life and teachings.*

Well, the greatest thing the Jews of Jesus' time could say of him was, "Thou son of David." They make a point that he is a descendant of David, which is foolishness in a way when you talk of Joseph being in the line of David. Joseph is no kin to Jesus. Jesus is not kin to anyone on earth except Mary.

There are two areas of the Bible that cause more harm than good. The Old Testament and Revelation. And all the weirdos you get involved with are like those poor people down there in Texas all getting killed. It is the fault of Revelation. The last days are here. And no one knows anything about the last days. I don't care if it's the Rabbi, the Bishop, the Pope, no one knows. Jesus didn't know. They asked Jesus, "Are these the last days?" and he said, "Only the Father knows." Well, that ought to end that discussion right there.

AND FINALLY

Credo

To me Christ is present in his Holy Communion. And if I didn't believe that Christ is present in his Holy Communion, I wouldn't go to church. I can read and meditate and all that about Christ and his teachings, but to me the purpose of going to church is to receive the body and blood of Jesus. And if I didn't believe that I receive it, I wouldn't go. I don't receive it as a memorial. You know in the Episcopal Church flag you have the great cross of St. George. That's the one that runs all the way down, the red cross on the white background. Up in the corner on a blue background is the cross of St. Andrew, and St. Andrew's Cross looks like a big X. He was crucified eagle-spread. That's the reason. Eagle-spread with arms and legs spread out on the Greek X. And that's the St. Andrew's Cross for Scotland, the patron Saint of Scotland. St. George is the patron Saint of England.

Bishop Seabury went to England to be consecrated. There were no bishops in the States until after the revolution. That would include the Roman Catholics, Methodists, any of them. There weren't any. So Seabury went over and asked the bishops in England to consecrate him as bishop. They said they would if they could, but he would have to take an oath of allegiance to the King of England. Right after the Revolution there was no way he was going to do that. And they understood that position. So they said go to Scotland and get the *non juror* Bishops, the bishops that believe that the Stuarts should be ruling in England, and get them to consecrate you. What had happened was when William and Mary came to the throne of England, the bishops in Scotland would not recognize them as rulers of England so they took away their property. And the property of the Episcopal Church or the Anglican Church in Scotland disappeared. They gave it to the Presbyterians who recognized William as the rightful King of England. This was just another nail in the coffin of why the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians don't get along. Anyway, a small group said, "All right, take the property. We're going to maintain the Anglican Church. We are the Church of Scotland. We don't believe the Presbyterian Church is the Church of Scotland."

And you go to Edinburgh and one of the great sights for tourists is St. Giles Cathedral. It's a Presbyterian Church. Presbyterians don't have cathedrals. People make a mistake when they say a great big building is a cathedral. These television preachers talk about their cathedral, their Crystal Cathedral. That's just a big building. A cathedral has to have a bishop. It comes from the Latin for the chair. The bishop's chair is where the cathedral is. Well, anyway this handful of Anglican Scottish Bishops maintained the church, and to this day it is still the Episcopal Church of Scotland. It is a minority group but it's Anglican. So they said they would consecrate Seabury on several conditions: One was that the prayer book had to include the Nicean and Apostles Creed, and the other most important condition was that the service of the Communion always had to state emphatically that this is the blood of Christ we receive. Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee. The blood of Christ is the Catholic decision. Drink this in remembrance is the Protestant decision. So they combined the two traditions of the Protestant service being a memorial and the Catholic idea that this is the blood of Christ.

Cards

Strangers may indeed be angels. Carolyn, Marcia, and I decided to go up to Jamestown, and we would go up through the country-side. Instead of taking the major highways we would take the back roads. And we were driving through this rather dense, marshy country-side, and I had car trouble. The radiator started steaming. Luckily, in just a little distance there was a filling station. So I pulled into the filling station only to learn to my dismay that the filling station was closed. It still had all the paraphernalia of a filling station but it was no filling station. And I got out of the car and went around back, and there was an old house, and all over the front porch and steps were playing cards . . . hundreds of playing cards. And I knocked on the door, and knocked on the door, and finally this muffled voice said, "Come in, come in." So I went in and here's another one of those strange stories when I was dressed as a civilian and not dressed as a clergyman. I went in and in the back bedroom there was a man all wrapped up in bed and there was a stove going full blast. And it was still cold in that house. I said, "Sir, I need help. My wife and child are out in front, and as you know, it's very cold, and my car has problems." And amazingly enough he looked up at me and said, "Over there on the dresser are two car keys, one for a brand new Buick and one for a brand new Chrysler. You take which ever you want. You drive to the next town toward Jamestown, and on the edge of that town when you come in you'll see a filling station with a garage attached to it. You stop there and you tell them Blacky sent you, and those people will come help you."

So I chose the Chrysler, I think, and I came wheeling around the old abandoned filling station, and there was Carolyn wondering what had happened. And I waved at her and kept going. I found out later that really upset her. I went into town and sure enough right on the edge of town was a filling station, and I stopped and said, "Blacky sent me." They said, "What are you doing in Blacky's car?" and I said, "Blacky sent me, and he said for you people to come and fix my car out at his place." And about, I don't know, six or eight automobiles full of people . . . all these men came . . . followed me back out to Blacky's, and they fixed the radiator of my car and I

returned the key to Blacky, and he said," Well, good luck." And that was it. Now for that man to give me his automobile just on the word that I needed help I always thought was a remarkable thing. Now he was a gambler. It was a gambling place that he ran, and that's why all the playing cards were there. All these men knew him because they played cards at his place.

The Ugly American

When I was with Carolyn in Europe, the book, *The Ugly American*, had just come out and that was my nickname. We were on one of those "If it's Tuesday, it must be Belgium" kind of tours, and all the people on the bus had a nickname. At least most of them did. For example, there was the lady who for every day wore a different set of white gloves. We knew they were different because they looked different; some had lace, some were plain. So we called her "Miss White Gloves." Then Carolyn's nickname was "Mrs. Click-click" because she took pictures all the time. I was "The Ugly American." I didn't get along very well with the rest of the group. I didn't like the food, I didn't like most everything. I didn't care for it at all. We went to Paris to the Louvre to see the Mona Lisa and I was irritated because it had glass on it, and from the side that I had to stand on with a mob of people there was a reflection. So I really couldn't see the painting, and they had it up on the wall with a hundred other paintings.

Well anyway, in Italy we went to a monastery for lunch and a lot of people on the trip were Roman Catholics, and they knew I was an Anglican. Well, there was a bug in my food and I complained about it. They said I did it because we were in a Roman Catholic monastery and that I was making fun of the monks. But actually there really was a bug in my food. So they all called me "The Ugly American." Well, we went to this medieval town in Germany, and one of the sights to see was a carving of the Last Supper where the figures were carved life-sized. It was quite something to see. So I was at the back of the group and the thing to remember, as we went up to buy our tickets to go in to see this, was that I was dressed in civilian clothes. I wasn't wearing a cross. I wasn't wearing anything that would designate that I was in Holy Orders, that I was a priest, or anything like that. I was just a civilian coming to see the exhibit. And I got up to buy my ticket, and this little nun looked up at me and said, "Father, the clergy do not pay, and you don't go with the group. You go up these steps and you'll have a private showing." So I said, "Well, thank you," and I went up the back steps and came out and I saw the exhibit. It was very nice. And across the room on the other side behind a rail was everybody on my bus. They

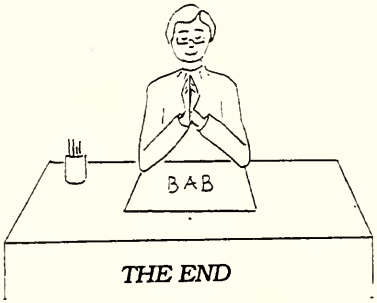
had gone up the other way. So I couldn't wait to get back to that crowd. Straightening my halo I said, "I have to tell you people something. That nun is a very intelligent woman, and the reason you saw me up there by myself in that special place was that she recognized that I'm a priest of the church." And that actually happened. How that woman knew, I don't know. You know the ancient Persians saw people in light. That's where we get the halos. They claimed that when they looked a person, they saw that person in light . . . green, purple, blue, gold, whatever . . . the color of the light depended on the character of the person. Maybe she had that gift.

Let It Be Known

My last official act, in so far as the public was concerned, was dedicating the land for the new fifth and sixth grade building at Hale High School. Mayor Fetzer was the main speaker at the ceremony. When I introduced him, I said, "Please remember that I am alive. Your predecessor, Mayor Tom Bradshaw, was the chief speaker at the dedication of the original groundbreaking some twenty years ago. His opening remark was, "This is a joyful time and, at the same time, a time of sorrow as we remember Fr. Hale." That's as far as he got when I interrupted with, "Mayor, I'm standing right here and I'm alive."

He apologized by saying that the usual dedication was done in honor of a dead person.

So Be It Known To All: I'M STILL HERE.



THE END

WHILE I STILL REMEMBER

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